

CAMP
MEETING

JOHN ALLEN





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John Allen

THE LIFE
OF
REV. JOHN ALLEN,

BETTER KNOWN AS
“CAMP-MEETING JOHN,”

BY
REV. STEPHEN ALLEN, D. D.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

Tributes and Eulogies,

BY

DR. CHARLES CULLIS, REV. R. B. HOWARD, REV.
MARK TRAFTON, D. D., REV. J. W. HAMILTON,
D. D., REV. WILLIAM McDONALD, REV.
S. B. BATES, AND OTHERS.

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TO
THE EAST LIVERMORE CAMP-MEETING
ASSOCIATION,
FOR WHICH HE ENTERTAINED A SPECIAL ATTACHMENT,
THE RECORD OF THIS
LOVER OF CAMP-MEETINGS
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

METHODISM has been remarkable for original characters in its ministry. Not infrequently, men of limited advantages, by force of natural genius, through the discipline of the itinerancy, have attained to eminent usefulness in the ministry without the aid of scholastic training or college honors.

Of this class of ministers none, perhaps, have been more widely known or more favorably received by the people than the late Rev. John Allen. His career has been so remarkable, as well as useful, that a brief sketch of his life and labors can hardly fail to interest the public, and to serve the cause he labored so long and so successfully to promote. For this reason, this small volume is offered to the public.

For several years previous to his death, Mr. Allen had kept a journal in which he had recorded the leading incidents of his life. The fire which desolated the village of Farmington, in October, 1886, consumed his dwelling together with his journal, library and many of his personal effects. This volume, therefore, contains only the scanty gleanings of his remarkable history; yet enough has been gathered to enable the reader to form a correct estimate of the man and his career.

S. ALLEN.

Winthrop, Me., Feb. 10, 1888.

MEMORIAL.



CAMP MEETING JOHN ALLEN.



CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE — EARLY LIFE — AT THE ACADEMY —
APPRENTICESHIP — EVIL HABITS — MARRIAGE — RE-
FORM — CONVERSION — ACTIVE CHRISTIAN WORK.

JOHN ALLEN was born in Farmington, Maine, March 7, 1795, and died suddenly at the East Livermore Camp Meeting, August 31, 1887, aged ninety-three years and six months.

His father, Captain William Allen, was of Puritan ancestry, and was born in Chilmark, Mass., a son of Deacon James Allen of that place. Captain Allen was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and force of character. He received a liberal endowment from his

father, and commenced active life with unusually flattering prospects.

In 1779 he was married to Miss Love Coffin, from one of the first families in Edgartown, Mass. She was a delicate woman, comely in person, lively and agreeable in manners, and an excellent housekeeper. Their fair prospects for life were soon clouded by adversity. He invested his property largely in a maritime enterprise. His vessel and cargo were captured by a British cruiser. Other similar enterprises were equally disastrous, and he was reduced to great embarrassment, with an increasing family upon his hands. In this extremity, aided by a few hundred dollars from his father, he sought to retrieve his fortune in the wilderness of Maine. He selected a location in the northerly part of Farmington, made a clearing and built a rude log cabin on the margin of a small stream, which he supposed would afford sufficient power to run a fulling mill, which he looked forward to as a principal source of income. The next year, 1792, in the fall, the family, consisting of himself, wife, five children and an Indian woman and her son as servants, removed to their new home in the wilderness, leaving two of their children with their

friends at Martha's Vineyard. But their misfortunes did not end with their removal to Maine.

The selection of land for a farm was unfortunate. The land was swampy, hard to cultivate, and yielded but a scant return. The stream failed to afford sufficient water to run his mill. He built another several miles distant, at Farmington Falls, and in a few weeks the mill was carried away by a freshet.

In this darkest period in the history of the family, the subject of this sketch, the eighth of a family of ten children, first saw the light in the rude log cabin, March 7, 1795.

John was a bright and lively child. Some years ago, a very aged woman said to him: "I saw you when you were a baby, and I thought you the prettiest child I ever saw, but how you have changed!" Mr. Allen often repeated this equivocal compliment with much mirthfulness.

Soon after the birth of this child Captain Allen selected a more suitable lot for a farm, some six miles further in the country, built another log cabin and removed his family to their newly prepared home upon a plantation, subsequently organized as a town, and called Industry. Here, by the assistance of his older

children, he cleared a farm and succeeded, with much hard work and rigid economy, in providing for his family. About this time he made a profession of religion, joined and founded the Congregational church ; and for thirty years served as deacon and was one of the leading men of the town. The children, notwithstanding the hard experience of their early life and the almost total lack of school privileges, all attained to honorable and useful positions in society ; most of them served for some years as teachers of district schools. One of the sons graduated from Bowdoin College and the Theological Seminary at Andover, and became a Congregational minister and missionary to the Choctaws.

There was no room for idleness in the family. As soon as the children were old enough to render any service, their tasks were assigned them. At that time, healthy children were considered capable of earning their living at seven years of age. The studies of the children were pursued mostly at home. An occasional school was taught for a few weeks during the year, in a log house or sometimes a barn, within a few miles of their home, in which they received very scanty and imperfect instruction.

John was small in stature but uncommonly vigorous, and from early childhood accustomed to hard work and scanty fare. He was always fond of fun, and disposed to mingle mirthfulness with the tedious hours of toil. He inherited much of his mother's lively and cheerful disposition. His aptness at repartee was truly "mother wit." He excelled in rustic sports, was fond of company, and a welcome companion in the merry-making gatherings of the young people of the neighborhood.

At the age of eighteen he, with an older brother, was sent a short time to Farmington Academy, then taught by Preceptor Hall, an eccentric Scotchman. His proficiency in studies was somewhat hindered by his irrepressible love of fun. While at the academy, his father with much solicitude, inquired of the Preceptor how the boys were getting on in their studies? The teacher replied: "Harry is studious and will make a scholar, but as for John you will never make much of him, he is so full of the devil." Notwithstanding this discouraging account, he made sufficient proficiency to obtain a certificate of his qualifications to teach a district school. While at the academy, he made his first effort at public declamation.

He selected an extract from an oration, and as he supposed, thoroughly committed it to memory. At the appointed time, he marched to the platform, made his bow and commenced: "Fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen," but could not recollect the next word. He tried again, "Ladies and gentlemen, fellow citizens!" but could proceed no further. In utter confusion he returned to his seat, "bringing down the house," as he afterward described the occasion, not much to his comfort or credit as an orator.

On leaving the academy he engaged a district school, and for several years taught school winters with good success, and worked upon the farm, or at his trade, which he afterwards learned, during the summer.

School discipline, at that time, was largely enforced by muscular power. The man who could most successfully manage the turbulent grown up boys was considered the best teacher. In this kind of discipline he excelled. His compact, muscular frame, hardened by toil and feats of agility in wrestling and other sports, gave him a special advantage; and his successful encounters with disorderly scholars secured for him a first-class reputation as a teacher. At one

time a large scholar, who had been troublesome to previous teachers, began to conduct in a disorderly manner and insolently set his authority at defiance. Mr. Allen immediately called upon three or four of the older scholars and said to them "Here is a suspicious character who wants to be put out doors. Put him out, and be careful not to hurt him," and out he went, sprawling in the mud. "He attempted to return" said Mr. Allen, in describing the scene, "but I forbade him, saying this is my castle: if you come in here you are a dead man." The young fellow went home and reported to his father, who soon came in a rage and attempted to enter the house, but the teacher refused him admittance, saying: "Your son made some disturbance in school this morning, and we are not prepared for company." The man went home, harnessed his team, and drove twenty miles to consult a lawyer and commence a prosecution against the teacher. But the lawyer advised him to make the best of the affair, and get a better teacher next year. In the meanwhile Mr. Allen called the district together and the people approved the course of their teacher. He was employed to teach the same school the next year at advanced wages.

At another time a large girl disobeyed orders and lied about it, and afterwards boasted that she had fooled the master. The next day he called her to account and required a confession of her fault, threatening immediate punishment. The girl refused, he took her hand and raised his ferule; at that moment an older sister of the girl arose and said, "You shan't strike my sister." I ordered her to sit down, and the sister immediately said, "I am sorry I lied." "So am I," said the teacher, "and all was peace." Soon after this affair, he went to board where the larger girl worked, and inquired of the girl what she would have done if he had struck her sister. Said she, "I should have tackled you, and you would have had a hard time of it." "Well," said he "I should like to know which is the stronger." So it was agreed that they should make a trial of their strength by wrestling. The stalwart girl readily accepted the challenge, supposing she could easily throw the little schoolmaster. The word was given by the man of the house, and the combatants grappled. He was a skilled wrestler, and put forth his best efforts; "by a sudden trip and twitch, and down she came like a log across a chair, splitting it in pieces, and

somewhat laming her. I paid for the chair and we agreed to say nothing about it, and that she should not boast any more about flogging the master."

At the age of nineteen he left his father's home to serve an apprenticeship at the trade of clothier or fuller. His master was a skilful workman, but a man of occasional intemperate habits. The apprentice learned more than was bargained for, and fell into the intemperate habits of the master. He also became a user of tobacco and of profane language.

For several years he continued, most of the time working at his trade, or upon the farm in the summer and teaching school in the winter. At one time he was engaged for a season in driving a stage from Camden to Bucksport. His associates, during this period of his life, were helpful only in the wrong direction. His course was reckless, and though he was not what would then be called a drunkard or an outcast, he indulged quite freely in intoxicating drinks, and was fast going in the way of ruin. To quiet his fears of the future and get rid of the religious influence of his parental home, he adopted the theory of Universalism. At first the more conservative views of Winchester, but in a short time he followed the

teacher of this doctrine to the more *liberal* opinion of Ballou. His mind, however, was not wholly at rest; his conscience was often aroused. At one time he was greatly disturbed by a vivid dream, in which he saw illustrated with remarkable distinctness, the frail foundation upon which he was building his hopes. But he shook off his fears as well as he could and kept on in his career of sin and neglect. His jovial disposition drew around him unprofitable associates and false teachers.

In 1820 he was married to Miss Annah S. Hersey, of Farmington, an intelligent and estimable young woman, and established himself in business at Farmington as a clothier. The influence of his wife was highly favorable. Three daughters and a son were born to them. He had a pleasant home, and had the strongest reason for leading a sober and virtuous life. The children all lived to be settled in life and gained respectable positions in society. All but one are now living in Boston or vicinity, except the eldest daughter, who is now in Europe with her daughter, Lillian Norton Gower, the famous singer.

In the year 1824 he heard a temperance lecture, and immediately resolved to abandon the use of

intoxicating liquors. He signed the pledge and became an earnest worker in the cause of temperance. Soon afterward he listened to the reading of a temperance essay written by Dr. Hicock, in which the writer declared that "a man could not be thoroughly temperate who was a slave to tobacco." The argument was convincing. With characteristic promptness he emptied his mouth and his pockets of the filthy weed and ever after abstained from this vile indulgence.

In 1825, induced by curiosity, he attended a camp-meeting in the town of Industry, though the motive which led him to the meeting was not entirely curiosity.

The writer of this sketch once heard him say that as he was going to the camp-meeting, he earnestly prayed that if he was mistaken in his religious belief he might be convinced of his error at the meeting.

The meeting was in a forest in the easterly part of Industry, on the land of Captain Thompson, exceedingly primitive in all its appointments. The preachers' stand was rudely constructed of poles and unplaned boards at very small expense. The seats were rough planks resting upon logs. There were

some fifteen or sixteen society tents of cotton cloth stretched upon frames, which served for dining-rooms at meal times, lodging at night, and for prayer meeting in the intermediate periods.

The preaching was earnest, the prayers ardent, and the singing hearty. The grove resounded with songs of praise and shouts of joy. Mr. Allen was much interested in the services, and soon became deeply convicted of his sins and of his appalling danger. Upon invitation of Father Newell, he went forward, knelt at the altar and earnestly sought for pardon. He continued for some time seeking, his distress became overwhelming. He arose and earnestly entreated all who had access to the throne of grace to pray for him, till at length his mind became calm. He ventured to say "there is peace," when immediately he was filled with rapture, and rushed up the aisle like the lame man in scripture, "leaping and praising God."

This was no transient excitement. The change was thorough and abiding. The whole course of his life was reversed. His joy was "unspeakable." He immediately commenced an earnest Christian life, and declared to all whom he met what great things the

Lord had done for him; and to the close of life he always loved to rehearse the wonderful deliverance he received at this memorable camp-meeting. Ever after, the camp-meeting seemed to him the next place to heaven.

About a month after his conversion he gave an account of this important event in his life in the following letter to his sister, the wife of Rev. Thomas Merrill, a Baptist minister, then settled in Prospect, Maine.

“PHILLIPS, MAINE, Aug. 7, 1825.

“*My Dear Sister:*—

I take this opportunity to inform you of some of the dealings of God to me of late. You well know how wicked and sinful I have been through life, and how little I have attended to the means of grace. But it has pleased God, I humbly trust, to show me the error of my ways, and lead me to give myself to him, and to plead for his mercy and obtain the-forgiveness of my sins.

“It was at a camp-meeting in Industry, Maine, that my mind was wrought upon in a wonderful manner. I found that unless I had religion I must be eternally miserable. I was led to ask a minister to pray for me, and I went forward publicly in the congregation to be prayed for, and tried to pray for myself. But I

could get no relief that day. The next morning I felt melted into tenderness to hear them in different tents singing and praising God, and I felt an anxiety to realize what they felt. Sometimes I was resolved to seek till I obtained, and then again I would fall into a stupid frame. However, after sermon, (this, I think, was the last day of June), those who desired an interest in Christ were requested to go forward to be prayed for, and I felt a strong impression to be one. But the cross was too great to expose myself before a thousand people. Then I was so afraid I had no suitable conviction, and thought I should be making false pretenses and acting the hypocrite, and it seemed like parting my bones asunder. However, by the assistance of Divine grace, and the encouragement of the good people, I went down before God with confession and shame. I thought I would do anything the Lord would have me, if I could but receive pardon. I thought I would ask the Lord to have mercy, when, no sooner had the words escaped my lips, than I was raised from my seat, and cried to the Lord with all my power to have mercy upon me. I saw myself sinking into despair with no possible way of escape, when in the height of my agony, a perfect calm pervaded my whole frame. I looked around and said '*There is peace,*' and no sooner had I said the word than, Oh ! the praises of God which flowed into my soul.

I thought I had as good a right to leap and praise the Lord as the lame man who was healed. Oh! the fulness of Christ! and the way of life and salvation seemed so plain that I thought I could persuade every one I might see to repent. My anxiety for others then became equal to that which I felt but a few moments before for myself. I came along home, praising God and telling almost every one I saw what wonders the Lord had done for me, a poor, wicked sinner. And Oh! the wonderful seasons I have realized since that time, and even this day, in a meeting, I was visited anew with Divine grace, which caused me to praise Him aloud in the congregation.

Tell the people in your vicinity, that God for Christ's sake has forgiven me all my sins, and I pray that he will forgive me the wrong I have done them. Give my love to all the Christian friends in Prospect, and those who have not experienced the pardoning love of God, though they may be great sinners, yet God, for Christ's sake, can forgive them if they will come unto Him in repentance and faith in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, breaking off their sins by righteousness, and their iniquities by turning unto the Lord.

Adieu,

John Allen."

Mr. Allen returned from the camp-meeting, filled with his newly found joy, to his home, and declared

to his family the wonderful change he had experienced, and commenced at once a course of Christian labor. He visited his neighbors, prayed with them, and exhorted them to seek the Lord, and extended his visits, calling at every house for several miles around. He established a prayer meeting at his own house, which soon became crowded to overflowing. One of his neighbors offering the use of his house, having much better accommodations, the meeting was accordingly removed. Soon this room became crowded, and the meeting was removed to the Congregational church at the village, where a union protracted meeting was held, resulting in the most extensive revival ever witnessed in that place. Most of the converts were received into the Congregational and Baptist churches. The Methodist having no organization in the village and only a small class in the upper part of the town. One person said to him, "Brother Allen, you are only helping the Congregationalists." He replied, "I thank God that I can help anybody."

Mr. Allen extended his labors as far as Allen's mills in Industry. At this place a protracted meeting was held, and under Methodist auspices a revival

occurred in which a considerable number of persons were converted.

Rev. Isaac Rogers, then pastor of the Congregational church at Farmington, entered into the revival work with great friendliness. Mr. Rogers was a remarkably plain and good natured minister, much given to good natured pleasantry. Meeting Mr. Allen one day he said, "Brother John, you get them converted, and we will take care of them. I don't claim any further than the stream in Industry."

The next year after his conversion he attended a camp-meeting and received a wonderful spiritual baptism, and ever after he remained a firm believer in the Wesleyan doctrines of Christian perfection, though his experience was not always up to that high standard.

About this time he received an exhorter's license and discharged the duties of that office with great faithfulness and success. His earnest religious work was not altogether agreeable to his wife. According to her ideas, his zeal was extravagant, and in this opinion, his family friends generally shared. His religious work took him much from home at a time in the history of his family, when his presence at home

was much needed. When he informed his wife that he believed he was called "to preach the gospel," "you look like preaching the gospel!" was her instant reply. It seemed to her preposterous, for a man without education, at the age of thirty-five or over, to enter upon the sacred work of the ministry. Though she rejoiced greatly in his reform from evil habits and his conversion, his conviction of duty became to her a sore trial. His call to the ministry, however, seemed to him imperative, though his conscious lack of suitable qualifications together with the objections of his companion, cost him a severe struggle. His remarkable success as an exhorter, and the advice of his brethren in the church, enabled him to settle the question.

He received license as a local preacher in 1828, and entered upon the work of the ministry with great earnestness, not without misgivings as to the propriety of his assuming this sacred and responsible calling. So much so, that at the close of the year, he requested the Quarterly Conference to discontinue him as a local preacher, and allow him to resume the office of exhorter. His efforts at preaching were sometimes mortifying failures. He was an excellent exhorter,

but preaching was to him a very different thing. With all his liveliness and wit, he was naturally diffident, and when he stood up before an audience to preach a sermon, he was often greatly embarrassed. More than once, as with his first declamation at the academy, he was obliged to close his discourse before he had fairly commenced. At one time he expected to be called upon to preach at a watch meeting, and made very careful preparation, dividing his subject into three *grand* divisions, and each *grand* division into three sub-divisions, and carefully studied his sermon. According to his expectation, he was requested to preach. After the preliminary services, he announced his text, the plan of his discourse and the first division, and commenced his sermon. He soon began to be anxious about the second division; his mind became confused, his well studied sermon vanished, “Like the fabric of a vision,” and he was obliged to stop. He offered a brief prayer and sat down in great mortification. A good brother in the congregation joined in prayer. In the meantime, he recovered his self-possession and resumed his discourse, and went on without regard to *division* or *sub-division*, giving an earnest address. At the

close, a good woman arose and “thanked the Lord for the truth she had heard,” saying that she had no doubt the Lord had called the minister to preach. “*To preach nothing,*” was his instant mental reply.

These mortifying failures led him sometimes to believe that he had mistaken his calling. He was thoroughly convinced, at least, that he could not preach like other ministers. His mind, like a balky horse, would not work in the harness of any prescribed method in preaching, and he was obliged to allow his thoughts a free rein. His preaching consisted largely of earnest exhortation, in which his camp-meeting experience often served him a good purpose. He had an abundant store of anecdotes which he used with great skill, and his mind was well stored with scripture. To relieve his embarrassment he adopted the practice of offering a brief prayer after announcing his text. This exponent was a help to him in collecting his thoughts.

He continued in the work of a local preacher seven years, holding meetings on the sabbath and working at his trade during the week to support his family. His services were gratuitous. It was generally thought at that time that the *privilege* of preaching

was a sufficient reward for the services of a local preacher. He records in his journal that one year he "received the enormous sum of fifty cents for preaching." He was often engaged with the pastors in protracted meetings. At that time "Four days' meetings" were much in use, usually resulting in great good to the church. For some time he was accustomed with other local preachers to hold such meetings. On several occasions he had for his associates Rev. John Norton, a venerable local preacher now living in Farmington, and two other local preachers whose Christian names were John. The meetings they held were called the "Four Johns" meetings. He was an earnest worker, and his labors were eminently successful. His success naturally suggested to his mind the propriety of devoting himself entirely to the work of the ministry, and he was advised to offer himself for itinerant work in the Conference.

CHAPTER II.

HE JOINS THE MAINE CONFERENCE — APPOINTED TO RUMFORD CIRCUIT — BECOMES DISCOURAGED — CHEERED WITH SYMPATHY AND PRAYERS OF BROTHERS DUNN AND MORSE — LIVERMORE CIRCUIT — DISCOURAGED AGAIN — CHEERED BY A REVIVAL.

At the session of the Maine Conference in 1835, held at Bangor, Mr. Allen was received as a member on trial, ordained deacon and appointed to Rumford circuit, which then embraced five towns and plantations. He entered upon his itinerant labor with great earnestness, but not without misgivings on account of his conscious lack of qualifications for his work. At one time during this year he became entirely disheartened, and requested his presiding elder to excuse him from his charge. His request was not granted. He was encouraged to go on with his labor by the sympathy and prayers of Brothers C. W. Morse and

R. B. Dunn. He received this year for his salary \$160. The next year he was appointed to Livermore circuit, and here again he lost heart, but was cheered by a gracious revival in which fifty persons were converted, two of whom subsequently became members of the Conference, the brothers F. A. and N. A. Soule. His appointments from this time were as follows, viz. : Monmouth circuit, two years ; Phillips circuit, Solon circuit, Industry circuit, Dexter and Exeter circuit, Farmington circuit, Wilton circuit, Little Androscoggin Mission, two years ; East Readfield and Sidney circuit, two years ; Fayette circuit, two years ; New Portland circuit, including New Vineyard, Kingfield, Dead River, Jerusalem, "and the hill country round about," as he described his field of labor.

These extensive circuits required a great amount of pastoral work, travel and exposure, especially as his family, most of the time, remained at their home in Farmington, requiring of him frequent journeys home, sometimes in the depth of winter. His salary during these seventeen years of continuous itinerant labor, without vacation, varied from \$160 to \$350. In most of these charges he witnessed

gracious revivals of religion. In several instances one hundred were converted and gathered into the church. In reply to his friends who inquired about the compensation he received, he was accustomed to reply, "I receive half pay, and the people receive half preaching, so we come out even."

He never complained of his hard work or scanty remuneration, but pressed on with his work through sunshine and storm, rejoicing that souls were saved and the Redeemer's cause advanced through his labors. In his prime he was a good singer. This gift was used by him to good advantage. His children inherited the same talent, and when his family accompanied him to his appointments they constituted an excellent choir.

In 1852, in consequence of financial embarrassment, he requested and received a location, and for a few years acted as agent for insurance companies, preaching in the meanwhile on the Sabbath, as there was opportunity. While on the Farmington circuit, in 1843, he was prostrated by severe sickness, and for some time his friends had small hope of his recovery. He slowly rallied and resumed his labors. In 1854, after two years of location, he was admitted to the

East Maine Conference, and for two years served as tract agent, at the same time rendering valuable service in protracted meetings. In 1856 he again located and supplied Mercer and Farmington Falls. In 1857 he was re-admitted to the Maine Conference, and for two years labored upon the Fairfield circuit. One hundred were converted under his ministry in that charge. In 1859 he was appointed to Newsharon and Farmington Falls—thirty or forty conversions. In 1860 he again located. In 1862 he was re-admitted to the Maine Conference, a supernumerary without appointment, so as to leave him at liberty to engage in evangelistic work wherever there might be a call for his services. In this work he rendered acceptable service. In 1863 and a part of the next year he served as chaplain in the Christian Commission. He was stationed at Camp Stonemen. His readiness and wit served him a good purpose in his intercourse with the soldiers. He was busily occupied in holding meetings, visiting the sick and conducting revival services.

While engaged in this work the physician, who had been in the habit of insulting the chaplain, commenced asking him impertinent questions. Mr. Allen bore the insolent treatment quietly for a while. At length he

said to the doctor in reply, that he knew a man down east who got along nicely by minding his own business, and said Mr. Allen, "I propose to take the same course myself." The doctor did not care to expose himself to a flank movement of that sort again, and the venerable chaplain suffered no further annoyance from that source.

The following extract from a letter to his wife dated "Washington, D. C., March 23, 1864, Post Hospital, Camp Stonemen," affords some information as to his duties :

"As for myself I am well, with a continual round of duties; passing through the wards, looking after those that are very sick, encouraging them and writing to their friends. Some one dies almost every day. I send the sad intelligence to their friends. Heart-rending incidents often occur. On the Sabbath I have a double duty, but as yet I have stood it well. Our reformation in the chapel progresses well. New cases about every night, but my labors are so multiplied in the hospital that I threw off some of the responsibility in the chapel upon others. . . . I suppose I shall be under the necessity of going home on a furlough the first of May if I come back again.

Affectionately,
John Allen."

It is quite evident that he attended to his duties as chaplain with great fidelity, and that the office he held was no sinecure. Letters from the soldiers, who were converted or encouraged through his labors, proved his services not to have been in vain. On his return from his work at Camp Stonemen, he resumed his evangelistic work wherever his services were called for till 1876, when his name was entered upon the roll of superannuates where it remained till the close of life. Though reckoned as a superannuate, he was uncommonly vigorous, capable of great endurance, and retained his cheerfulness and ready wit till the last hour of his life.

His changing relations to the Conference were not in consequence of failing health nor fickleness of purpose, but partly on account of pecuniary embarrassment and partly from a conscious sense of his lack of qualifications for the work of a continuous pastoral ministry. Notwithstanding his habitual cheerfulness and overflowing good nature, there was an undertone of self depreciation which was sometimes painfully depressing. He believed, and with good reason, that he was better adapted to evangelistic work than to the regular work of the ministry.

He was ever ready and happy to render assistance in revival work, and for many years he was often called upon to assist the pastors in Boston and vicinity in their protracted meetings. In these places his services were highly appreciated. He had been uncommonly successful during the years of his itinerant service. Seldom did he close a year's labor without witnessing a revival. His labors as an evangelist were no less successful.

Notwithstanding his deficient education and his lack of other qualifications, of which he was always painfully conscious, he possessed many admirable qualities which rendered his career on the whole eminently successful. He had a remarkably healthy body; small in stature, in early life he was unusually active and vigorous. His muscles, by the discipline of labor and athletic sports, became compact and hardened. In middle life he took on more stalwart physical proportions. He was erect and quick in motion even to extreme old age, and had great power of endurance. He had a cheerful and sunny disposition, and a readiness at repartee and a rich fund of anecdotes which made him an agreeable guest in the families where he labored, and a welcome visitor in

public gatherings. He had a thorough religious experience. He was always an earnest worker and had great skill in pointing inquirers to Christ. These qualities were more than an offset to his deficiencies and secured for him a grand success.

He had a keen sense of the ludicrous. His wit was always spontaneous and good natured, so that his keenest strokes of satire seldom gave offense, though they usually silenced an antagonist.

Soon after his conversion he met a Congregational minister of the old school, at his father's home. The good minister plied him with severe and searching questions as to the genuineness of his experiences, till he complained of the severity. "If the tree be well rooted," said the minister, "it will not be harmed if we shake it." "But," repeated the young convert, "the master said to his disciples 'feed my lambs,' not go to shaking them."

Once, while in charge of a circuit, his presiding elder was late at the Saturday meeting, the congregation was kept waiting some time. At length the elder arrived, chilled by his long and cold ride, and preached a sermon more remarkable for length than warmth, from the text, "Feed my lambs." At the con-

clusion of the sermon, Mr. Allen arose and remarked that he had learned from experience “that in order that lambs may thrive we must give them little at a time, feed them often and give their food *warm*.” The elder felt the rebuke, knew he deserved it, but had too much good sense to take offense. Once, upon invitation, he went to preach in a Congregational pulpit in Massachusetts. A former pastor, an aged minister, seated with him, just as he was about to commence his sermon, said to him in a whisper, “are you a long preacher?” “Five feet seven inches,” was the immediate reply.

At a ministerial meeting once held in Farmington, the subject of Methodist economy was under discussion. A Baptist minister present was invited to give his views upon the subject. He arose and said, in substance, that while there were many excellent things in Methodism, he thought there was too much machinery in it.

This afforded Mr. Allen too good a chance for a rejoinder to allow it to pass without reply. He arose and said, that “though the Methodist church had more machinery than the Baptists it did not require so much water to run it.”

Mr. Allen was much interested in the great political questions of the day. In 1860 he was present at a prayer meeting in Farmington; intelligence had just been received of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln as a candidate for the presidency. He could not well conceal his joy at the event, and spoke of the refreshing news from afar as a cause of rejoicing. A meek-spirited man of the opposite political party arose and said, that though he could not *say* much, he "felt it a privilege to stand up and vote on the Lord's side." Mr. Allen was immediately upon his feet. "I have been much interested," said he, "in what Brother R. has said about voting on the Lord's side, but I think before going to the polls to vote, we should be very careful to ascertain on which side the Lord is."

A lawyer of opposite politics, about the same time, said to him, Mr. Allen "on which side are you going to vote? for I intend to vote against you." "I am going to vote on the *right* side," said Mr. Allen; "on which side are you going to vote?" "You have me this time," said the lawyer. When the question of prohibition was before the people, a toper with red face met him and said, "I shall vote against you on this question." "Your face voted before you spoke,"

was the reply. A blatant rum drinker in his presence objected to ministers meddling with politics, and inquired what the bible says. "It says," replied Mr. Allen, "get thee behind me satan, thou art an offense unto me."

A few years ago, at a session of Maine Conference, he was called upon to preach on very short notice one afternoon. During the service the secretaries were seated in the chancel busily engaged upon the records, and occasionally conversing with each other in a whisper. Mr. Allen commenced his discourse, and endured the disturbance for a while. At length he stopped, and looking over the pulpit said, "I fear I am disturbing the brothers down there." There was no more whispering by the secretaries, and he went on with his sermon.

Once at a conference a resolution was introduced upon the subject of ministers' vacations. The importance of such vacation was strongly argued. Mr. Allen arose and said that, "When he joined the conference the preachers were expected to preach three times on the Sabbath and once almost every other day of the week, and the minister's vacation was unheard of. But now, our young preachers preach only one

sermon a week, and that almost kills them, and nearly kills their audience, so that vacations have become necessary."

His scripture recitations were strikingly impressive and natural. They seemed like new inspirations, and charmed alike the cultivated and rude auditors by the wonderful elocution not taught in schools. His rendering of hymns was equally impressive. He was often called upon at camp-meetings and other occasions of public gatherings to recite portions of scripture.

"How often at camp-meeting has he been known, at the close of a dull sermon, to spring to his feet, and in thrilling tones to repeat, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow;' or, 'Come sinner, to the gospel feast.' At once every eye would be fixed upon him, and smiles and tears and hearty amens would come from every side, and the whole face of things be changed, as nature, parched and dusty, is freshened and cleaned by a copious shower."*

He was a great lover of camp-meetings, and during his fifty-seven years of his religious life, he attended

* Rev. W. McDonald in Zion's Herald.

three hundred and sixty-seven such meetings. On these occasions he was specially at home, "His foot was upon his native heath," and he always entered into the work of the meeting with great earnestness. His favorite text on such occasions was, "As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." His sermons, on these occasions, were less remarkable for logical arrangement and profound thought than for earnestness and practical truth. They abounded with scripture quotations and familiar illustrations. They were exhortations rather than sermons, and they seldom failed of producing good results. No man was more cordially welcomed at the camp-meeting, no man contributed so much to its success, and no one will be more missed on such occasions. Always cheerful, buoyant, earnest and overflowing with good natured wit; his presence was a benediction.

He was no grumbler, and was never disposed to find fault. Once a man in his presence was indulging in bitter censure. Mr. Allen replied to him "It does not require much religion to find fault. I have sometimes known persons to find fault who had no religion at all."

The young preachers always received from him generous sympathy and encouragement. There was nothing cynical in his nature; even to extreme old age, his spirits were fresh and genial. He often attended the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association and claimed membership, often remarking that "They take in the young men till they are eighty years old." He was young in spirit till past ninety.

He was an ardent worker in the temperance cause, and deeply interested in all other moral reform enterprises and in all subjects of public interest, and for many years he was in the habit of attending conventions and other assemblies, and he was often called upon for remarks and seldom failed to enliven the meeting by his spontaneous wit.

At one time he was present at a meeting of the Maine Agricultural Society. Several able essays had been read. A prominent subject was that of *Destructive Insects*. At length Mr. Allen was called upon. He arose and said, in substance, that he had been much interested in listening to the very able essays upon *Destructive Insects*, but he thought that in the remedies suggested, one important means of

protection against that pest had been overlooked, which was found in the bible. He then repeated the tenth and eleventh verses of the third chapter of Malachi : “ Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And *I will rebuke the devourer* for your sakes and he *shall not destroy the fruit of your ground*, neither shall your *vine cast her fruit* before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts.” “ The practical application of this scripture,” said the venerable camp-meeting veteran is this, “ Pay your ministers well and the Lord will take care of your crops.” This off-hand speech produced the intended effect by wonderfully enlivening the meeting.

Mr. Allen had often occasion to travel to and from Boston by steamboat ; while on such journeys he was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to hold prayer meetings or to exhort the people. He would take a stand in the saloon and repeat a chapter of the bible. His peculiarly forcible manner of reciting the scripture would seldom fail to attract a crowd. He

would repeat a hymn and lead off in singing, other voices would soon join, then would follow exhortation or a brief discourse. These extemporized meetings would sometimes be quite impressive and interesting. Sometimes a skeptic or scoffer would confront him with some impudent question, but usually a short, witty rejoinder would turn the laugh of the crowd upon the intruder, who would beat a hasty retreat. He was remarkably ready on all occasions, and seldom failed to carry the sympathy of the crowd with him.

He was a diligent student of the bible. He often used to say that when he was converted, "He fell in love with the bible." Without studying for that purpose, by careful and frequent reading he committed large portions of the bible to memory, and he was more and more in the habit, as he advanced in life, of reciting whole chapters as scripture lessons at services of public worship.

Mr. Allen's religious experiences were not always up to his conception of the believer's privilege. He was a thorough believer in the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection. In 1867 a movement was inaugurated to promote the cause of Holiness under the lead of Rev. J. S. Inskip and other prominent

ministers, who called a national camp-meeting in the interest of this subject, to be held at Vineland, N. J., July 17. This call was noticed by Mr. Allen, who resolved at once to attend. On his way he called at Boston. A good friend in that city, while in conversation, said to him "Brother John, you are in danger of being too much lifted up in your own esteem." This was a word in season. He had not thought that with his moderate estimate of his own ability he was in danger of thinking too highly of himself, but he had received much flattering attention for his ready and genial wit, and on examination he found that he was vulnerable at that point. He went on to the camp-meeting prepared to put himself in a position to derive benefit from it. He went with others to the altar counting himself nothing, and renewing his consecration with penitence and tears, and there regained the Spirit's witness of his complete salvation. He returned home with the fulness of love and joy in his heart.

On his way back he again stopped at Boston, and in a minister's meeting spoke of the great blessing he had received. A young minister present, who was somewhat skeptical upon this subject remarked, "I

suppose that Brother John has got the whole of it;" he immediately replied, "I have all I can contain. A little fish in the ocean might as well say I have the whole of it; it is all around me and in me, the great ocean." From that time onward his experience as well as his testimony was uniform. On reaching his home he declared to his friends the rich treasure he had found at the national camp-meeting. His wife, who had known something of his vacillations in the past, said to him, "John, I shall watch you now and see if your life corresponds with your profession. She did watch him, and after some months, when asked if he kept his temper, replied "that once during the time, while adjusting a stove and getting his toes badly hurt, she thought he stepped around a little more lively than usual, giving evidence that he was not as devotional as when leading a prayer meeting."* From this time onward he retained a deep interest in this subject and delighted especially in attending meetings when the subject of holiness was the leading topic.

* Rev. W. McDonald in Zion's Herald.

He procured a small tent, and frequently took it with him to the camp-meetings he attended, pitched it in a convenient place, and held meetings in the intervals of the public services, for special services in the interest of holiness.

At one time he pitched his tent in the door-yard of his home at Farmington and held daily prayer meetings with such of his neighbors as choose to unite with him. These meetings were continued into the winter.



CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN AND HIS TENT, EAST LIVERMORE
CAMP-GROUNDS.

CHAPTER III.

GOLDEN WEDDING—DEATH OF MRS. ALLEN—SECOND MARRIAGE—SERVED AS CHAPLAIN IN THE LEGISLATURE—DEATH OF SECOND WIFE—HIS HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE—MOVES TO BOSTON—FAILING HEALTH—DEATH AT EAST LIVERMORE CAMP-MEETING.

In 1870 his friends at Boston determined to celebrate Mr. Allen's golden wedding. His children were all settled in Boston and vicinity. He had become favorably known to the Methodist preachers and people of the city and vicinity. Arrangements were accordingly made for the celebration. The following account of this interesting occasion is from the Boston Journal, published at the time:—

REV. JOHN ALLEN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Yesterday being the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. John Allen, the old gentleman

being better known through the country as Camp-Meeting John, his numerous friends deemed it a fitting time to certify in a substantial manner their appreciation of his worth. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Allen, together with their friends and relations, met last evening in the hall of the Wesleyan Association Building, No. 36 Bromfield Street.

The reception was held from 7 to 10 o'clock P. M., and during that time a large number of people called and paid their respects to the aged couple. In the centre of the hall was a tent made of gold-colored cloth, surmounted by a circle of gas jets and the following mottoes: 'Camp-Meeting John' and 'Welcome Friends.' At about half past seven o'clock the relatives and friends joined in singing the hymn 'How happy every child of grace.' Dr. Lindsay then read a portion of the scripture, and prayer was offered by Rev. J. N. Mars. A congratulatory letter was read from Rev. Isaac Rogers, an old Congregational minister of Farmington, Me. After the reading of the letter, Rev. Gilbert Haven stepped forward and presented Mr. Allen, in behalf of the Methodist ministry of Boston and vicinity, a beautiful gold watch valued at \$150.

Mr. Haven's remarks were very timely and humorous, and elicited continued applause from his auditors, who numbered about three hundred.

Mr. Allen was taken decidedly aback by this beautiful expression of regard, but quickly rallied and made a very neat rejoinder, besides reading a small poem of his own production.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Allen, of Bangor, a nephew of Mr. Allen, addressed the couple, congratulating them on arriving at their protracted stage of life, and his remarks were peculiarly happy.

Mr. Allen was then presented with a book of Discipline, by Rev. Dr. Mallalieu, of Chelsea. This was a good hit on the old gentleman; the donor of the book being a lady friend of Mr. Allen, whom he had mildly reproved on more than one occasion for the bright colors worn by her. The gift was received with shouts of laughter and applause.

During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Allen received many other presents, and among the rest \$319 in gold and greenbacks from their numerous friends; also a pair of elegant gold spectacles, the gift of their daughter, Mrs. L. W. Howes, of Malden, and a silver spoonholder from Dr. Cooke, of Lewiston, Me. A box was received containing a magnificent wreath of autumn flowers in frame, in the centre of which was the inscription: "Please accept, on the fiftieth anniversary of your wedding, a wreath of autumn leaves, now golden ripe, yet untouched by frost, with our best wishes. From Mr. and Mrs. Enos T. Luce, Auburn, Me."

An elegant collation was served in an adjoining room, to which, about half-past nine o'clock, the company were invited by the provider of the feast, who is a near relative of Mr. Allen. The dining-room was beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers.

Prior to the collation, the following beautiful little song was sung by the authoress, Emily Perry Lothrop, a granddaughter of the aged couple, ten years of age.

Oh ! there is a better land,
Its streets are paved with gold ;
Its pearly gates wide open stand,
Its joys were never told.

Oh ! there is a better land,
Where crystal rivers flow,
O'er shining beds of golden sand,
All pure as purest snow.

Oh ! there is a golden light,
That guides us on our way,
And cheers us through the lonely night,
To heaven's eternal day.*

Both the words and music were composed by the little songstress, and dedicated to her grandparents.

A humorous and very witty poem was also read by Rev. D. H. Ela. About a half hour was spent enjoying the good cheer at the tables, and the proceeding was not interrupted by any speeches, and was therefore one of unalloyed enjoyment.

Shortly after the close of the supper the company separated, well pleased with their evening's enjoyment.

Had the night been fine, the friends of the aged couple would have assembled, no doubt, in much larger force, but the storm prevented a great many coming from out of town, who would otherwise have been present.

* Not long afterwards, little Emily passed over to the "better land," to walk the golden streets and sing with the angels.—S. ALLEN.

Rev. Mr. Allen's career is too well known to need an extended notice. He was born in Farmington, Me., in the year 1795, and entered the service of the gospel in 1828. He belongs at present to the Maine Conference. He has during his life attended and made addresses at 216 camp-meetings. Both he and his wife are now in their seventy-fifth year. Their descendants consist of four children, eleven grandchildren, and one great grandchild, all of whom were present last evening. Mrs. Allen has not enjoyed good health for some time, and is now quite feeble, but the reverend gentleman appears to be hale and hearty at present, and in excellent spirits."

Mr. Allen and family were highly gratified by the remarkable expression of good will from their Boston friends, and soon returned to their home in Farmington to resume his labors.

His health began to show signs of decline, and he was occasionally interrupted in his labors by "ill-turns." Once he was suddenly prostrated by a severe stroke of apoplexy, bringing upon his mind for several weeks "a horror of darkness." He, however, soon rallied from the attack, and his cheerfulness returned, so that he went on with his work.

Mrs. Allen continued slowly to decline in health till June 21, 1875, when at her home in Farmington, she peacefully passed from earth to her reward above.

"Come quickly and take me over," were among her last words.

Mrs. Allen was comely in person, lady-like and pious, and highly esteemed by her neighbors. Though seldom able to accompany her husband to his extensive and often distant circuits, she rendered a much better service by caring for her children during her husband's long absences from home. Her life-work was well and faithfully done. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Mr. Allen, left solitary, continued to reside at his home in Farmington, a small family occupying part of his house. He continued his services as an evangelist with unabated vigor and earnestness, rendering valuable service in revival meetings.

In 1876 he married for his second wife Mrs. Sarah A. W. Fellows, of Athens, a woman of deep piety with whom he had been long acquainted. She was in feeble health, and died in the spring of 1881.

Mr. Allen still labored under a sort of roving commission as an evangelist, by the common consent of his conference.

In 1879 and '80 he served as chaplain in the Maine House of Representatives. In this service he acquitted

himself with his usual fidelity. His allusion to passing events, in his prayers, were characteristic, often amusing, if not benefiting his audience.

At one time, the governor was not of the same political faith as the chaplain. In his prayer he implored the blessing of God upon "our governor, that he might be guided aright in the discharge of his responsible duties, and, *if possible*, that he might be the best governor we had ever had." At one time, in the course of a sharp debate in the house, two members had a violent conflict, using angry words. The next morning the chaplain prayed that the members of the house might "be aided in their duties, and always be courteous in their debates, and know how to stop when they are done." Soon afterward one of the belligerents spoke to him complimenting the prayer, saying, "I was glad to have you give W— such a dressing down in your prayer." He was in the habit of reciting a portion of scripture before prayer, and sometimes repeating a hymn; these recitations, in his remarkably impressive manner, seldom failed to secure the attention of the members. At one time a representative came to him complimenting his prayer, and saying that he was specially

interested in the “preliminary remarks.” “You will find the preliminary remarks,” said Mr. Allen, “in the Bible.”

During the later years of his life, Mr. Allen was much in the habit of attending temperance conventions and other meetings of public interest. In deference to his venerable age and usefulness, he usually received free passes upon railroads and steamboats. At one time he applied by letter to Ex-Governor Morrill, then President of the Maine Central Railroad, for a renewal of his pass, quoting in his letter Ezra 7:24: “Also, we certify you touching any of the priests and Levites, or ministers of the house of God; it shall not be lawful to impose toll, tribute or custom upon them.”

Mr. Morrill, who loved a keen repartee quite as well as the camp-meeting veteran, sent a new pass with a quotation from Luke 18:4-5: “Though I fear not God nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.” At another time Mr. Morrill, who was a Universalist in belief, when giving Mr. Allen a free pass over the railroad, said to him in a jocose manner: “Mr. Allen, you are getting to

be an old man, and probably you will get to the other world before I do ; they will perhaps make you a door-keeper. You will let me in when I come, will you not?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Allen, "if you have a pass."

During the later years of his life, though he retained his vigor and cheerfulness to a remarkable degree, the infirmities of age increased upon him. He had more frequent ill turns, and suffered almost constantly from the effects of severe exposure during his itinerant life ; he nevertheless continued his active labors and frequent journeys. Late in the winter of 1886, when within a few days of ninety-one years of age, he left his home in Boston by railroad to go to Farmington, Maine, to attend to some Probate business. In a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Lothrop, dated Farmington, March 5, 1886, he thus describes his journey :—

"The day I left Boston I came to Brunswick, and not seeing any carriage at the depot I started for Dr. Charles Allen's, but the storm and wind were so severe that I almost perished before I got there.

I found Charles and Ruth both at home. They soon thawed me out, and I rested quite well that

night. The snow-storm turned to rain, and I had to get a carriage to take me to the depot. The cars did not start till about 3 o'clock P. M. We made out to get to Leed's Junction that night, but stopped so far from any house that I had to stay in the cars while the conductor and others got the engine on the track. It proved all this time to be the most tremendous cold and windy storm I ever witnessed. Both cheeks of the conductor were frozen badly. I did not rest much that night. The storm was so furious all the next day and night that we did not start till the day following, Sunday P. M., and we were five hours getting four miles. The snow-plow got off the track just at night. We started again from Curtis Corner, Leeds, and by stopping a number of times to get up steam, by 9 o'clock we arrived within about three and a half miles of Farmington, when we struck a tremendous snow-drift which threw the snow-plow, two engines and tender off the track, giving us a wonderful shake-up in the car. The conductor and all the officers footed it to Farmington through the deep snow. There were two ladies among the passengers. One of them went with the men to Farmington; the other one went with her father across the field to a house. It was a new house without accommodations. They then went a half a mile towards Wilton to the next house, but were refused admittance. They then went a mile toward

Farmington where they were entertained. I remained in the car with the men who had been picked up on the route to shovel snow; fifteen or twenty of the most profane and vulgar imaginable. They kept up a continual uproar till between three and four o'clock in the morning. I had been broken of rest very much for two previous nights and needed a chance to sleep, but could not sleep a moment till almost morning.

Monday afternoon a team came within about half a mile to get the mail. The driver agreed to take me to Farmington if I could walk to the team. I started, but came near perishing before I reached the team. A man was with me and gave me some assistance, or I should have given out entirely. After we got on board the sleigh we soon ran into a snow bank, and the sleigh was broken. This was near Mr. McLary's house. Mrs. McLary seeing me, called me into the house. With the help of a little boy I succeeded in reaching the house, where I was very kindly entertained. Here I remained two nights, as the roads were impassable on account of the drifts of snow.

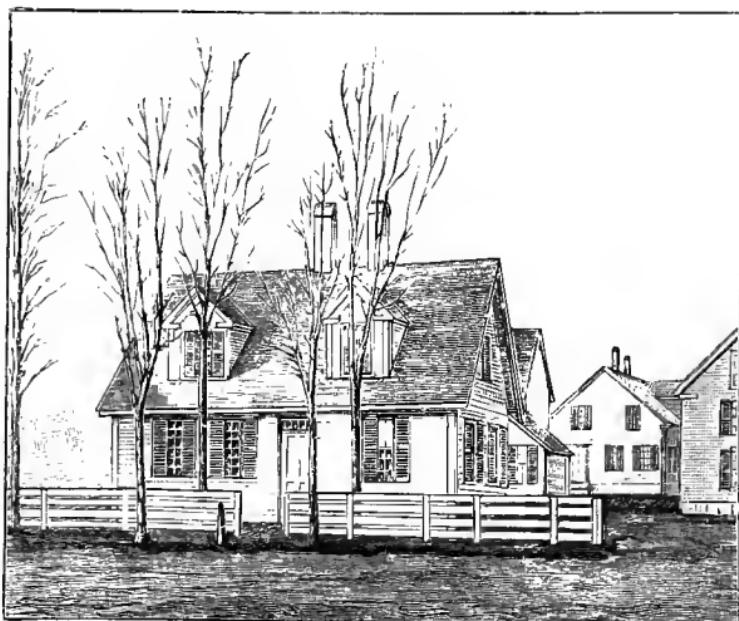
Wednesday afternoon Mr. McLary conveyed me home, safe and sound. The Probate Court, which was to be holden Monday, was adjourned from day to day, as the judge could not get there from Phillips till Friday morning, so I had a chance to attend to some

important business. I am now considerably rested from the fatigue of my perilous six day's journey from Boston to Farmington."

Few men ninety-one years of age could have survived such a journey.

During the summer of the same year Mr. Allen had his home repaired and put in a very satisfactory condition. While making some improvement about the grounds early in October, and congratulating himself on having so comfortable a home in his old age, the bell sounded an alarm of fire. It was a dry time. There was a brisk westerly wind. The flames spread rapidly, and in spite of all efforts of the people a large part of the beautiful village soon became a heap of ashes and smouldering ruins, including three churches and Mr. Allen's house, together with most of his books, furniture and other personal effects.

He sold his remaining real estate, removed to Boston, and made his home with his daughter Mrs. Lothrop. From this time, though he continued his labors, his health gradually declined. He had more frequent ill turns, and felt constantly reminded that he was nearing the close of his earthly journey. He preached quite frequently with his usual earnestness.



RESIDENCE OF CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN, FARMINGTON, ME.

Destroyed by fire, October, 1886.

(Engraved by his Grandson, John W. Lothrop, Boston.)

He attended the Maine Conference at Waterville in April, 1887, being then past 92 years of age. On Sabbath morning of the Conference he attended the Love Feast, and gave a cheerful testimony. Upon request of Bishop Walden, who preached Sunday forenoon, he repeated from memory the scripture lesson with a clear voice and in his usually impressive manner.

Early in August following, he preached in Chelsea. The weather was oppressively warm. He was greatly overcome by the heat and exertion, and was carried home much prostrated. He had engaged to attend Dr. Cullis's camp-meeting in Fryeburg. Feeling too unwell to leave home he wrote to Doctor Cullis, informing him of his state of health, that he should not be able to attend the meeting, and closing with the words, "Pray for me." Doctor Cullis read the letter to the congregation, and said, "Brother Allen will be here at one o'clock, Friday." Mr. Allen rapidly improved, and on Friday morning started for the camp-meeting, reaching the place Friday at one o'clock, but he returned much exhausted.

August 29, he left home for the camp-meeting at Epping, N. H. Not hearing the station announced

as the cars reached the place, he was carried by. When informed by the conductor of the mistake he replied, "There is another camp-meeting further on," and he came to the East Livermore camp-meeting, where he met with a cordial welcome and found comfortable entertainment.

He entered into the services of the meeting with his usual interest. Tuesday evening he was upon the stand with other preachers, and at the close of the sermon he spoke with clear voice and much animation, but feeling unwell he retired to a cottage, where he received kind attention and careful nursing, and passed a comfortable night.

In the morning prayer-meeting he had a serious ill turn, and was taken to a cottage and kindly cared for by Brother John Wortly. Every necessary attention was afforded him. He was so far relieved that he attended to some business and signed his name to a legal instrument, and conversed cheerfully about returning home the next day. When a friend suggested that he would not probably be able to take such a journey, he replied with characteristic cheerfulness: "They can get me on board the cars somehow, and then I can go as quick as any of you." He said, "I

am having rather severe pain, but it looks bright beyond." In less than ten minutes the chariot came, and the freed spirit passed away. In no place and under no circumstances could the venerable camp-meeting veteran more fittingly have closed his earthly career.

Forty years before, he had selected this site for a camp-meeting, and he had seldom failed of attending the annual meeting in this place — always an active worker and a welcome guest. His spiritual children and most cordial friends were here, and with this meeting were associated some of the most pleasant memories of his life. A council of preachers was hastily called, and it was immediately determined that the funeral must be upon the camp-ground, and Friday, at one o'clock, was fixed upon as the time for the funeral services. His family and other friends were immediately notified, and all arrangements were made.

At the appointed time a large collection of people assembled. According to the previous request of Mr. Allen, Dr. C. Cullis, of Boston, delivered the funeral discourse. The services commenced by the reading and singing of the favorite hymn of the departed vet-

eran, “God Moves in a Mysterious Way.” The older ministers of the conference participated in the solemn and impressive services. A procession was formed, and a large number of people followed the remains to the depot. The family connections and other friends were carried with the remains of the deceased to Farmington depot, and from thence by carriages in waiting, to the beautiful cemetery in that place, where the remains of the venerable minister, after the usual burial service, were deposited beside the grave of his first wife. The camp-meeting, in the meanwhile, went on with but little interruption, and with deep and solemn interest, to its close on Saturday morning.

The circumstances connected with the death of the venerable camp-meeting veteran were remarkable. He came to the East Livermore camp-meeting contrary to his intention when he left his home in Boston; his purpose was to go to the Epping camp-meeting, but by a mistake he was carried by the station. When he came to the meeting at East Livermore, he intended to return to Epping during the week. No place or occasion could have been chosen more fitting and proper for the closing hours of his life than the

East Livermore camp-ground while the meeting was in progress. Many of his old friends were present, and were glad to meet him, and to render all needful attention in the closing hours of his life. It was within a convenient distance of his former home and the burial lot which he had prepared for himself and his family.

Camp-Meeting John Allen was a remarkable man. He inherited a healthy, physical constitution, which was hardened by industrious habits, till he became capable of remarkable endurance. He also inherited a cheerful and lively disposition, which continued till the last moments of his life. In spite of great disadvantages, his life was a grand success. Though his literary attainments were moderate, he was a natural genius. He could not conduct a process of reasoning like many other speakers ; he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and he could detect a fallacy as readily as any man. He never was at a loss for a reply when assailed, and such a reply as usually silenced, without offending, his assailant. He was a diligent reader of the Bible, and was able to repeat many whole chapters in a manner remarkably impressive. His discourses abounded with scripture quotations and pertinent anecdotes. He was not a great preacher,

judged by the rules of sermonizing laid down in the books, yet a remarkably successful minister of the gospel. He never attempted to preach great sermons ; he readily comprehended the wants of the audience, and sought with great earnestness to win the people to Christ by plain, forcible exhortations, rather than by logical argumentation. The people heard him gladly, and many were converted under his ministry. He was always ready to preach on any occasion when called upon, even in sudden emergencies, when other preachers declined ; and he seldom failed to interest and instruct his audience. He never indulged in a spirit of fault-finding nor of jealousy toward his brethren in the ministry. He was charitable towards the infirmities of others, and always had a word of encouragement for the young preachers. He was thoroughly religious ; religion was everywhere his theme ; even his wit and humor were employed in the service of the gospel. While engaged in itinerant or evangelistic work, he labored with all his might, and was never so happy as when in the midst of a revival. His cheerful, sunny disposition, which secured him a hearty welcome everywhere, continued to the last hours of life. His

dying hours were peaceful, and his departure from life amid the scenes which he loved, was more like a translation than like death.

“Our faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.”

No minister will be more missed at the annual gathering of the Maine Conference, and especially at our camp-meetings, than Camp-Meeting John Allen.

CHAPTER IV.

MEMORIAL SERVICE ADDRESSES, AND COMMUNICATIONS ADDITIONAL THERETO CONCERNING THE LATE JOHN ALLEN.

[FROM TIMES OF REFRESHING.]

BEACON HILL CHURCH, BOSTON.

The usual Tuesday Consecration Meeting on the 13th ult. was set aside for a memorial service to the late Rev. John Allen, or "Camp-Meeting John Allen" as he was more popularly known. The Reverend Doctors Steele and Bates, and Reverends Wm. McDonald, R. B. Howard, S. S. Matthews, E. Davis, E. D. Mallory, H. H. Perry and others, occupied seats on the rostrum, and the church was well filled with a body of people, as representative of the various religious denominations as were the clergymen assembled to do honor to the memory of this unique man.

Dr. Cullis in his exordium said :

I told you last Tuesday that we were to hold a memorial service in memory of the Rev. John Allen, and no words could be more appropriate to the occa-

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In this and the following chapters are some unavoidable repetitions of anecdotes related in other parts of the book, for which the reader's indulgence is bespoken.

sion than those of David's in the thirty-seventh Psalm and thirty-seventh verse: "Mark the perfect *man*, and behold the upright: for the end of *that* man is peace."

The end of that man is peace. He used to come to this church nearly every Tuesday, ready to repeat the Scriptures and give his testimony. God lived with him ninety-two years, and his end came so quickly we hardly knew it. Surely it is something to live for, that some one may say about us, "He was an upright man and his end is peace." Mr. Allen left Boston to go to the Epping Camp-meeting, but he was carried beyond the station, so the conductor said, "I will let you off, Uncle John." "Oh, no," he replied "there is another (camp-meeting) further on, I will go there." So he went to the East Livermore Camp-meeting — providentially it would seem, for it was the place of all others he would have elected to die at, he having helped lay out the grounds thirty-five years ago—and gave an exhortation the same night, retired to rest, had a good breakfast, but not feeling well he went to another cottage, the lady of which gave him a bowl of gruel, and after making sundry characteristic remarks he said he would go back to Boston. "Oh, no," she said, "you are not well enough to go to Boston." He answered, "I will go as fast as the youngest of them when I get into the cars."

Ten minutes after that he sat in his chair and was gone. His end was peace! We shall all miss him, for we all loved him, but we are not here to mourn his loss.

John Allen was a grand man, and was never accused of any mean thing. Rev. R. B. Howard, a

former Congregational pastor at Farmington, knew him well and will give us a word of testimony. I cannot say what day it was I received a telegram at Intervale, of his death. I felt I could not spare the time to attend his funeral, yet I went, for almost every time he saw and wrote me he reminded me of my promise to preach his funeral sermon. Yes, at the very place he would have wanted to die at he just dropped out. All the people sent their carriages without charge, and it was a beautiful sight to see that procession going to the cemetery, where around the grave were laid autumn leaves and everything to make the place look beautiful. I never heard but one expression; everybody loved John Allen. That is a rare thing, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house," but it was a universal expression. John Allen went everywhere, knew everybody; he was a dear man, I loved him and he never troubled me in the least by his wit, for I never got quite enough of him; he brought the truth home so cheerfully by his brightness. I thank God I knew John Allen, and that his end was peace.*

REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.—I met Brother Allen forty-seven years ago for the first time at a Methodist Conference, and he was then a rare specimen, full of his wit and sallies and keeping all in good humor while he discoursed on the subject of salvation. Don't think he was a perfect man in all respects, he was not always perfect in his judgments and experiences, but I believe he possessed a pure love for God and man.

*See later communication on this subject from Dr. Cullis, on another page.

In early life, about thirty-seven years old, he was converted and for some time afterwards known as the "Converted Universalist." He used to tell how he went to that camp-meeting to make fun, and was converted gloriously. For about ten years after his conversion he went out and labored as an itinerant, joining the conference in 1835, and he was a member from that time to his death. I think it is due you to make this statement: In his early Christian experience he several times gave himself to God and went on, but after a time he lost it, and for a good many years he was up and down in this particular. Nearly twenty years ago he attended the First National Camp-meeting, where he again entered the higher life, and from that time he never slipped nor stumbled. He commenced holding meetings in his own grounds, told of it everywhere and continued preaching it throughout the remainder of his life. To see him then you would not judge him to be a very saintly man; always cheerful and ready for anything or anybody, and the man who attempted to "floor" him found out his mistake.

At the close of the session of the legislature of which he was chaplain, he was called upon to pray, which he did in his usual way, winding up with

"The year of jubilee has come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!"

I could stand here for an hour and relate many such incidents. I doubt if any man could read the Scripture any more effectively than John Allen. He not only read them but gave the sense, and by his emphasis made them more impressive.

John Allen was not a remarkable preacher. He would not have made a professor of theology or of philosophy, but he could get out as much of the practice of the gospel as most men, and has been the means of leading thousands to Jesus. It is needless for me to say more. He was converted at a camp-meeting, sanctified at a camp-meeting, and died at a camp-meeting, and in all attended 374 camp-meetings; and I have no doubt that to-day he rests with the glorified ones in the presence of Him who has received him to Himself, and joins in the chorus above where they live and die no more. I want to thank God for John Allen that he preached the Gospel of the saving power of Christ. May we ever follow his example!

REV. R. B. HOWARD.—Nobody invited me to Brother Allen's funeral, but when I heard of it I said I would go. Dr. Cullis has already given you a sketch of him in connection with his text. When Brother Allen was converted and pitched his tent in his own ground he invited me, and I went in and helped, and we had good meetings. I always felt strengthened and drawn towards him with the largest sympathy. In 1862 revivals spread through our community, and you could not keep John Allen out of the meetings. I can see him now; see the people crowding into the meetings and John Allen pointing them to seats. I loved him, but what I loved most in him was Jesus Christ. Human nature had a large development in him, and his utterances were all his own. God converted and sanctified him, and brought him into subjection to the law of love where he now lives.

Solo : "O think of the home over there," by Mr. Wright.

DR. STEELE.—I am not here to speak extensively of John Allen. My first recollection of him was about thirty-five years ago, when he appeared in his simple way, preaching and telling of his experience. I used to thank God for the sunshine he brought with him. When he was converted from a swearing Universalist to a shouting Methodist, it was a good thing for the Christian Church. His sanctified wit enabled him to administer a rebuke in such a way as not to be offensive. He was once present in the Wesleyan Hall discussing Christian perfection, when one who took a view not commonly held by Methodists turned and said, "Here is John Allen, so I may expect to be annihilated." "Oh, no," said John, "I do not believe in the annihilation of the wicked." Reference has been made to his great memory; to his knowledge of the Word of God. He had assimilated the Word of God to himself and made it his own. When he was chaplain of the Maine legislature he was hailed one day by a member, who said "he much enjoyed those remarks of his." So perfectly had he assimilated his knowledge of the Word of God that this man thought these were John Allen's own words. I have been thinking of that one gift, and of his ability to use it, and I am of the opinion that it was worth more to him and used more effectively than the knowledge of many languages is to many learned men. His gifts were of such a nature that they were available at all times. For those who think that the experience of Christian perfection is not for them, let

them remember that he had passed his three-score years and ten before entering fully and permanently into it, and take encouragement.

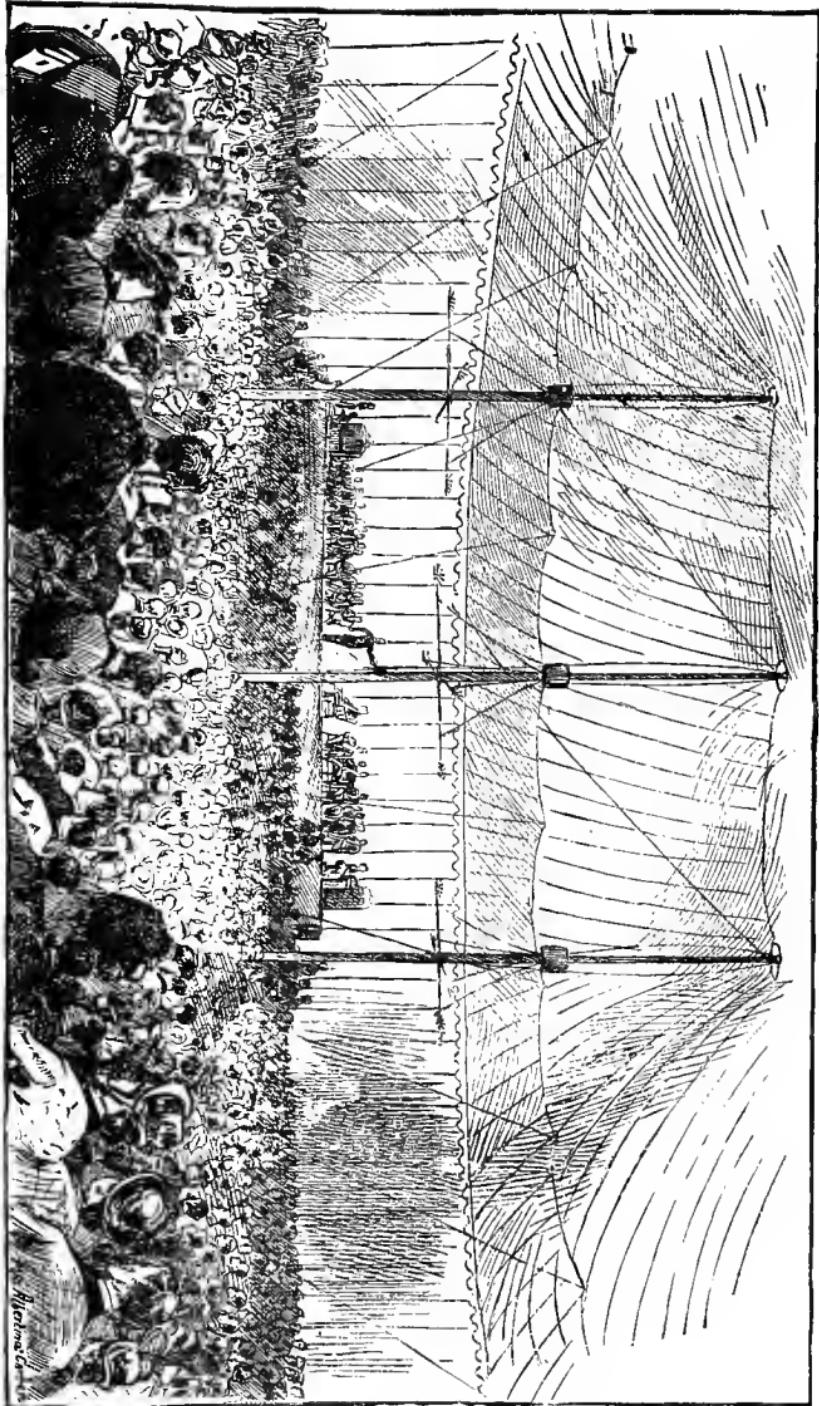
REV. S. S. MATTHEWS.—I had the privilege of knowing John Allen a great many years, and it was always a delight to sit and hear him. My eyes never fell on him without thanking God for seeing him. My thoughts have been whilst sitting here, as to where he now is. When we come to think more frequently of the glad surprises that await God's children when He calls them, my heart keeps saying, "Be brave, have courage, one or two more valleys and then home." I bless God that the end of the perfect man is peace. So it was with John Allen.

Solo by Mr. Robinson, and prayer by Rev. H. H. Perry.

DR. BATES.—This is the fourth service I have attended in memory of John Allen. The last regular sermon he preached was in the pulpit of my church. After the service a Boston teacher of elocution said, "There is not a preacher in Boston that can read the Bible like him." The first time I met him was forty-five years ago at a camp-meeting, and knowing him from that time I can say there was nothing "put on" about John Allen. He was honest, sincere, lovely and pure. The *Boston Globe* in an editorial said, "The greatest man in Methodism is dead." At the funeral of one of our bishops there were 300 persons present, but at John Allen's there were 3,000. People who stayed away from our beautiful services went to hear John Allen. I saw him for the last time

CAMP - MEETING, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

On this occasion Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., was the Preacher. Camp - Meeting John Allen sitting in the chair at the right.



at Intervale this summer: When we were ascending one of the hills which commanded a magnificent view he stopped and said, "Brethren, I am going up there very soon." I thought he meant Mount Washington, but he said, "No, up there," pointing to heaven.

DR. CULLIS.—There are several brethren here who would be glad to give their testimony to the sterling Christian character of John Allen, but time is up, so I will only ask you to pray that our end, like his, may be peace. I am sure we have all been better for the life of John Allen.

Thus closed this interesting service to the memory of this remarkable and characteristic man, who by his prolonged, useful, active life, naturalness and piety called forth tributes of affection in his day, and had not to wait for death to win the floral chaplet. He was crowned in life, most of us are crowned at death—on the tomb.

[COMMUNICATED BY DR. CHARLES CULLIS.]

My acquaintance with Rev. John Allen began at my convention at South Framingham, about thirteen years ago. There I met him for the first time, and heard him repeat Scripture as I have never heard any man before or since. I fell in love with the dear old man then, and I think he has been at every convention of mine since with possibly one or two exceptions. I loved him for his deep piety, for his sanctified wit, for his aptness in repeating the Scriptures. He was a ray of sunshine always.

Some of the illustrations of the quickness of his wit constantly come up before me. I remember the account which he gave of attending a Baptist conference in his native town. He being the Methodist minister in the place, they invited him to a seat on the platform. The presiding minister introduced him in a pleasant way, by saying that every one knew Camp-Meeting John Allen, a dear brother, and a Methodist ; and he said : "I like the Methodist church, but it has too much machinery for me ; however, I am happy to introduce Rev. John Allen." Mr. Allen at once responded : "I agree with the brother that the Methodists do have more machinery in their church, but he must admit it does not take nigh as much water to run it as it does his."

He was chaplain for two or three years of the legislature of Maine, where he was a constant inspiration of mirth and joy to the members. Every morn-before prayer he either repeated a verse of Scripture or a hymn, for his influence was always on the side of God and righteousness. The last day, after a long and stormy session, the members were having their little speeches of farewell, and finally called upon the chaplain, who repeated Watts' hymn,—

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

Imagine the effect upon the audience, as with raised hand and impetuous emphasis, he repeated the closing line.

It was my privilege to preach his funeral sermon at the camp-meeting ground at Livermore Falls, and from there I went to Farmington to the grave, and spent the night in Farmington. While there one of the old residents told me of this incident. One morning he was coming out of the house of the Universalist minister, when a rather rough-spoken man met him on the sidewalk, and said. "Ah, Uncle John, you have been in to see our minister, have you?" "Yes." "Well, how did you feel when you were there?" "I felt as if two gentlemen were talking together; I wish I could say the same now."

He attended the dedication of the Intervale Park grounds, and as he stepped across a little brook his foot slipped and he went down on one knee on the gravel. A couple of gentlemen sprang to pick him up, and as they did so, he remarked, "Well I always did say there was a possibility of falling."

He was frequently called upon to repeat Scripture at public gatherings. On one occasion after he had repeated a chapter a gentleman stepped up to him, and asked him where he got that selection of verses. "Why," he says, "You will find it in the fifth chapter of Thessalonians." "Oh," said the man, "I thought it was some selection gotten up for the occasion." "Well, it was," replied Mr. Allen.

I heard him three years ago one Sunday afternoon at Tremont Temple on temperance. At eighty-eight years of age he delivered a stirring address upon temperance to an audience of 2500 people, causing them one moment to roar with laughter, and the next to wipe their eyes. After he had finished, just as he was taking his seat, he said, so that the

whole congregation could hear him, "I never did pretend to be much, but I never saw anybody I would swap with yet."

A spiritualist once approached him on the subject of spiritualism. "Well," said he "the Bible says 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God,' but you go and ask your dead relatives."

At my house one day I left him in the library talking with my wife, and as I came back I heard her ask a question, "Well, is she a Christian?" I knew not whom they were talking about, but his reply was "Well, she is a kind of Baptist Christian."

In one of his sermons at the Intervale Convention he made an allusion to the children of Israel bringing their bracelets and rings of gold to be melted up to make the golden calf. Said he, "I will be bound if people don't worship the gold nowadays before it is made into a calf."

At his own home on election day, when people were voting yes or no on the temperance question, a man with a red face and a red nose flaunted his "no" ballot before Uncle John's face, and said, "Well, Uncle John, I am going to vote this ticket." He replied, "Your nose voted long before you did."

When his house was burned, the year before he died, in Farmington, Maine, he went out of the house with some old clothes on, all that he had saved out of the wreck, and stood in front of the house and began to sing the Doxology.

He came to Boston to live with a widowed daughter. She had two boys who were fond of music and had a piano. They found their grandpa did not like the piano, so they ceased playing when he was at

home so as not to disturb him. One day a neighbor came in, and said, "Uncle John, don't you like the piano?" "Oh yes," he replied, "when it stops."

My heart has thanked God many, many times for the dear, grand old man ; so full of life, so full of joy in the Holy Ghost, and he was a continual blessing to all with whom he was brought in contact.

WESLEYAN HALL.

[From Zion's Herald.]

Memorial Service.—The Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting, having by committee arranged for a memorial service in commemoration of distinguished ministers of our church who have recently fallen, a large congregation assembled in Bromfield Street Church Monday afternoon, Sept. 12. Rev. L. R. Thayer, D. D., presided. The opening hymn was read by Rev. J. H. Twombly, D. D., the Scripture lessons by Rev. D. H. Ela, D. D., and prayer was offered by Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D. Rev. Dr. McKeown announced the hymn commencing, "Come, let us join our friends above," etc., after which Rev. B. K. Peirce, D. D., gave an interesting sketch of the character, life and labors of that eminent scholar, writer and debater, Rev. D. Curry, D. D., LL. D. Rev. H. Ela, D. D., read a sketch of the life of Bishop Harris, which had been prepared by his colleague in office, Bishop Mallalieu ; the latter having to leave Boston at the hour of this service to attend and pre-

side over the Detroit Conference. Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton gave an address of characteristic earnestness, tenderness and naturalness, descriptive of the life and labors of "Camp-Meeting John Allen," as our aged brother liked to be called. Dr. Trafton gave an outline of the peculiarities and powers of this veteran of the Cross, and thrilled our hearts with his touching pathos and stories of personal history of the ninety-three years this rugged champion had battled for the Captain of his salvation. He referred to his death, occurring as it did on a camp-ground, as the fittest place on earth for this aged hero to die, who so dearly loved these battle scenes of the church.

[The following article, originally contributed to *Zion's Herald* by Dr. Trafton, has been revised by him for this book, and will be found a desirable addition to the report of his address at the Methodist Preachers' Memorial Meeting. It appears in the paper under the motto "After Life's Fitful Fever He Sleeps Well."—**EDITOR.**]

"Camp-Meeting John Allen is—dead!"

This notice I read in a paper recently, and the words at first seemed to signify nothing—mere sound, as I repeated them over to myself. It was only the last word that struck me—*dead!* For years and years have I seen the first words of that sentence in the issues of the press. "Camp-Meeting John" is here and there, now at a camp-meeting, now at a church dedication, now in a revival somewhere, now in a preachers' meeting, stirring up the young preachers by his old-time reminiscences, "shouldering his crutch to show how fields were won;" now with his

mace of logic, wit, irony, sarcasm and denunciation thundering at the gates of the saloon—he has seemed almost ubiquitous, possessing energy and force seemingly inexhaustible, even up into the nineties!

The announcement of a camp-meeting fell upon his ears like the blast of a trumpet upon those of an old war-horse, and he “snuffed the battle from afar.” He was as near heaven as one on earth can be on such occasions, amid the “thunder of the captains and the shoutings.” The modern grove meetings were rather too quiet for him. He believed in “lifting up his voice like a trumpet,” and it would have been a novelty to provoke mirth, to have seen one of John Allen’s hearers with his hand behind his ear, trying to catch his words. There was an earnestness about him that enforced attention, and a frank sincerity that carried conviction to the heart of the hearer.

“He believed, and therefore spoke.”

Simple, unassuming, charitable, the presence of Camp-Meeting John was always an attraction to the young people, as well as to others. His pictures of the old times, the simple dwellings of the early settlers, the log-cabin, the great stone fire-place, the blazing logs, the iron crane with the bubbling pot of bean-porridge and mush, the spinning-wheel, the loom, the high-back settle, were all before the eye as he used the pencil. In such a cabin he was born, and he delighted in returning to those scenes in his life.

“Dead!” The word startles one the more because he has been so long with us, we had become so accustomed to his presence, and his form and tones

had become so familiar, that it seemed a part of our very life, not to be removed until the whole scene should vanish together—an eidolon of one's self.

How odd it will seem to us not to see him walk with his quick, nervous step up the aisle in our Monday meetings, drop into his seat, and with his left hand give his hair a brush back from his forehead, by his manner saying, "Ready!" And he was always ready. Call upon him to open a meeting, and he would step to the desk and without opening the Bible, repeat an entire chapter. And this was his habit in his later public ministrations. His flow of language was remarkable. His mind was so stored with incidents, events, facts and scenes, and his illustrations came so aptly, that they seemed especially studied for the occasion.

His humor was not so apparent in his public addresses as his wit and sarcasm. Woe to the luckless wight who provoked a tilt with him! He would speedily find himself unhorsed. About the sharpest thing I have heard as coming from him was on the occasion of the close of the bogus state legislature of Maine, of which John Allen was chaplain. On the day of its final adjournment, after a brief prayer, the chaplain, looking the body in the face, quoted this verse of a hymn: "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," etc., closing with,

"The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye *ransomed sinners*, home!"

The effect may be imagined.

I have known this old hero for fifty-nine years—a stretch of time to look back through. I had but

just been received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Methodism and Methodist preaching were to me a novelty. Our preacher in Bangor, Rev. Greenleaf Greely, one Sabbath announced that "John Allen, a converted Universalist, would preach that evening at the usual hour for service." It was then the new church, now a store-house, near the Brewer ferry, into which we had just moved from the school-house on Union street. There was then but one other church building in Bangor. Of course a crowd gathered for the evening service. Directly the pastor, a most diffident man, came in, slightly stooping in his gait, followed by a young man with a bushy head of hair, and straight as a Penobscot Indian, with a confident air, and looking like one who would "storm the wall." He took the service and walked right through it as fearing nothing on earth. I can only recall the impression of the moment, but to me, who had been used to gospel reading and not preaching, it seemed wonderful. No notes, no hesitancy, but just one roll and rush of sentences from beginning to end—exposition, experience, anecdotes and persuasion all mingled together! But, though subjected to the criticisms of our modern schools, it might be called faulty, it impressed the people, and they enjoyed it. I have no recollection of having heard him preach since. In 1832, at the close of my second year in the ministry, I met him again in Phillips, at a quarterly meeting held in a barn, but I think he did not preach. In the last interview I had with him in the Book-Room, he mentioned that meeting, and with a quizzical look said, "Yes, I heard you preach, but I did not think you would ever make

much of a preacher." He was, I told him, mistaken in the first statement, as I did not preach, but not so much mistaken in the last.

Well, "Camp-Meeting John is dead!" Preached in the evening at a camp-meeting, and died the next day, falling with his harness on, like a true knight,—

"With his back to the field and his feet to the foe."

And so would he have wished it; and he was carried from the camp-ground to his honored grave.

Doubtless some more skillful hand, with more perfect knowledge of his entire life, will give to the world a more specific biography, and so we

"No longer seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

CHAPTER V.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. JOHN ALLEN BY
REV. WM. McDONALD.*

OCCUPATION AND CHARACTERISTICS IN EARLY LIFE—
A CAMP-MEETING SIXTY YEARS AGO—JOHN ALLEN'S CONVERSION—JOHN AS A CONTROVERSIALIST—
HIS MARRIAGES—SUMMARY OF HIS PASTORAL WORK—
ANALYSIS OF HIS CHARACTER, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES—HIS EXPERIENCE IN “ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION”—HIS FONDNESS FOR MEETINGS IN A CAMP.

Methodism, on both sides of the Atlantic, has been noted for the developing of extraordinary characters. English Methodism has had its Billy Brays, its Sammy Hicks, and its Billy Dawsons; American Methodism its Lorenzo Dows, its Peter Cartwrights and its Camp-Meeting John Allens. As such exceptional characters are always incident to any intensified form of religion, it becomes the duty of the

*Read before the New England Methodist Historical Society, Boston, Oct. 17, 1887, and published by request of the Society.—From *Zion's Herald*.

church, when such characters appear, to properly direct them and utilize their peculiarities. Not to be able to do so, gives unmistakable evidence of moral weakness, or a lamentable lack of executive power to direct and employ some of the most effective agencies which God has given the church.

I am asked to furnish a sketch of the life and labors of one of these extraordinary characters, known among us for more than half a century as "Camp-Meeting John Allen." Seldom has a man of Brother Allen's defective culture and limited intellectual capacity been able to hold the position which he has held—charming and delighting all classes until he had passed his fourscore years and ten. But he has enjoyed that rare honor. Brother Allen was born in Farmington, Maine, March 7, 1795, and was at his death (Aug. 31, 1887), ninety-two years and six months old. He had the honor of being born in a log house, and his early life was spent in comparative poverty. Though his educational advantages were extremely limited, he improved them so well that he was able to teach successfully several small district schools.

For a time he followed the business of farming and stage-driving. And in those days he could sing like a lark, dance like a French dandy, drink like a Boston alderman, and act like the devil generally. He was a leader in all manner of sports. But there is no evidence that, at heart, he was a vindictive

character. He subsequently learned the clothier's trade, and in the meantime became addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and was what might be termed a moderate drunkard.

Religiously he was a noisy, blustering, good natured, Universalist which meant in those times a thoroughly godless man. Universalism in 1825, and Universalism in 1888, are far from being the same. Then, with a Universalist, heaven was *certain* to all at death; now it is *sure* to very few. Then, sudden death was sudden glory to the vilest and most impenitent wretch that ever swung from a gallows; now, such characters will be obliged to stop a longer or a shorter time on the way for repentance and reformation. Then, no punishment after death for the wicked was the universal faith of Universalists; now, a person holding such views is rarely found among them. They have all become Restorationists. John Allen was an old-time Universalist; and a man of his peculiar make-up, and about as wicked as Satan could make him, as he seems to have been, would be likely to keep almost any neighborhood in a religious turmoil.

A camp-meeting in Maine, sixty years ago, was in all respects, a primitive affair. An old cast-off sail or a piece of cotton cloth, thrown over some rough poles, constituted the society tent. A plain shed-like structure, built of poles and a few rough boards,

served for a preacher's stand. Some logs laid upon the ground, on which were arranged a few rough boards or slabs, constituted the usual auditorium for the people. A little clean straw strewn upon the bare ground in the society tent, over which were spread sheets or quilts, served for sleeping accommodations at night. A partition of cotton cloth was sufficient to separate the apartment of the men and the women. And in these tents the people lived, and ate, and slept, and sang, and prayed, and did an immense deal of unrestrained shouting. To this was added a substantial fire of pine knots, or rock maple wood, to give warmth by day and light by night. This was the order even fifty years ago, when we attended our first camp-meeting in the Pine Tree State.

To these meetings the roughs resorted for many miles around. They came to have a good time and make as much trouble as possible for the noisy Methodists. And this sort of wholesale annoyance was encouraged by the ministers and members of some of the religious denominations which are now only too glad of an opportunity to attend these gatherings for the spiritual profit they secure.

A camp-meeting of the character we have described was held in the town of Industry, Me., in the month of June, 1825 — it being the last camp-meeting held in Maine under the auspices of the New England Conference, as the Maine Conference held its

first session in July of that year, less than a month after this meeting closed. To this meeting John Allen, then thirty years of age, was attracted. He went, a bold, blatant, rum-drinking, song-singing, fun-making Universalist; and came away a red-hot, shouting Methodist. The change was seen to be very great by all who knew him. But to himself it seemed much greater than to any one else.

In a letter addressed to his sister, residing in Prospect, Me., dated Aug. 7, 1825, a little more than a month after his conversion, he gave an account of the great change. [This letter is printed in full on page 23. — *Editor.*.]

This was the beginning of his Christian life. And a man of his peculiar temperament would not be likely to keep quiet, with such an experience. Wherever he went—and he was ever on the move—he proclaimed his new-found joy. Nor was he backward in confessing the evil influences of Universalism upon him, and the perils to which it had exposed him. Indeed, he became a thorn in the sides of his former Universalist associates, being known everywhere as the “converted Universalist.”

He was not a profound controversialist, but he was a troublesome opponent. His weapons were not logic, artfully employed, but facts and anecdotes scorchingly applied. He could repeat poetry in a manner to captivate all classes. He gathered up several speci-.

mens of this sort of argument which he very successfully employed in his attacks on Universalism. As we have said, Universalism held the dogma that all men, irrespective of moral character, were admitted to heaven at death. Brother Allen sought to expose the utter absurdity of such a notion by turning it into ridicule. In this he employed his well-chosen poetry. So he makes the Universalist say :—

“That all the filthy Sodomites,
When God bade Lot retire,
Went in a trice to paradise,
On rapid wings of fire.
And all the wicked Canaanites,
To Joshua’s sword were given,
The sun stood still, till he should kill,
And pack them off for heaven.
God saw those wretches were too bad
To own that fruitful land
He therefore took the rascals np
To dwell at His right hand.
And Judas, that perfidious wretch,
Was not for crimes accursed,
But by a cord, outwent his Lord,
And got to heaven first.”

This, with much more of the same sort, was repeated by Brother Allen with magical effect, and was more convincing than any argument he could employ. His genuine wit and marvelous power at

repartee always turned the tables against his old associates and sent them away mad, but laughing, if such a thing can be conceived of.

He was particularly offensive to Wm. A. Drew, of the *Gospel Banner*, a leading Universalist paper, published in Augusta, Me. Brother Allen seldom preached or exhorted without paying his special respects to Mr. Drew; and Mr. Drew usually returned the compliment, but, in the judgment of most, either limping or with a broken wing.

Brother Allen was twice married. His first marriage was (on Oct. 20, 1820, five years before his conversion) to Miss Annah S. Hersey, of Farmington, Me. There were born unto them of this marriage four children—one son and three daughters. The son and two daughters are still living. One daughter, the wife of L. W. Howes, Esq., a lawyer of this city, died May 31, 1880. Mrs. Allen died June 24, 1875, aged eighty years and five months. Her last words were, "Come quick, and take me over." He was married a second time, in 1876, to Mrs. Sarah A. W. Fellows, of Brunswick, Me., a very estimable Christian lady, who died in 1881.

He was licensed to preach in 1828, three years after his conversion, and admitted to Conference on trial in 1835, with six others, among them Chas. P. Bragdon (father of Prof. Bragdon of Auburndale). After remaining three years on trial, he was admitted

into the Conference in full connection, with fifteen others, in 1838. He lived to see all that large class pass away save one—Rev. Alvra Hatch; and he survived him only a few days.

Brother Allen continued in the regular pastoral work for fourteen years, when in 1852 he located. In 1854 he was re-admitted into the East Maine Conference and for two years served the Conference as tract agent, a work to which he seemed well adapted. In 1856 he was transferred back to the Maine Conference, and in 1860 again located. Four years later (1864) he was again re-admitted to the Maine Conference, placed on the supernumerary list, and for some time did effective service to the Christian Commission. He retained the supernumerary relation until 1876, when he was placed on the list of superannuates. In 1879 and 1880 Brother Allen was elected to the chaplaincy of Maine Legislature. This was properly his last official service.

For several years before his decease, he spent his leisure time in writing his autobiography, which must have been intensely interesting; but a fire which destroyed his house, consumed the manuscript with the contents of the dwelling. It is now doubtful if any life of Camp-Meeting John Allen can be written which shall at all do justice to the man.

Having given a brief sketch of John Allen, we cannot dismiss the subject without some reference to

his marked characteristics, and the experiences which distinguished his life and labors.

1. We have already intimated that he was not a man of large natural or acquired ability. He was not intellectually profound, nor scholastically learned. But there was one redeeming feature about it—he knew it, and was humble enough to acknowledge it. And he often made this fact tell with prodigious effect. It was readily seen by all, that though he claimed and possessed none of the ornaments of culture, he was, nevertheless, a natural genius.

2. He excelled in good humor and genuine, sparkling wit, which was always at command. He was never at a loss for an answer, and such an answer as sent his assailant staggering to the wall; and yet it was done with such good humor as made his opponent feel rather glad on the whole that he had been the occasion of developing so much of genuine, sparkling genius.

As an example of his readiness on such occasions, his reply to a Baptist minister is in point. A ministerial association was being held in Farmington, where Brother Allen resided. The question up for discussion related to the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In a general talk the brethren were giving free expression to their views on the subject. The Baptist minister of the town being present, was politely invited to express his opinion. He did so, in a gentlemanly manner, saying that there were some things about the Methodist economy which he liked; but, on the whole, much preferred that of the Baptist Church. He thought it much more simple, and not encumbered with as much machinery as the

Methodist Church. This was too good a chance for Brother Allen to let pass. He arose and said: "It is true, as the brother has said, there is more machinery in the Methodist than in the Baptist Church, but I want my brother to understand that it does not take as much water to run it as it does to run the Baptist." There was no answer to be made to such a reply, and really no offense could be taken to it, as it was made with his invariable good humor.

A lawyer, who was opposed to him in politics, said to him just before an election: "Mr. Allen, what side are you going to vote on, for I have made up my mind to vote against you?" "Well," said John, "I am going to vote on the right side; which side are you going to vote on?" "Ah!" said the lawyer, "you have got me this time."

3. He was a natural elocutionist. We doubt if the man lives who could excel John Allen in the naturalness with which he could recite a chapter from the Bible, or a hymn from the hymn-book. It was no effort at imitating a professor, but purely original and eminently natural. One felt, on hearing him, that he must have been inspired, for he not only read the Word of God, but he seemed to give the sense so clearly, that the most uncultured could not fail to understand it fully. It seemed that if the Bible could be read in that manner, commentaries would hardly be necessary. His nephew, Dr. C. F. Allen, in a brief obituary, very justly says: "His recitations of Scripture were strikingly impressive and natural. They seemed like new inspirations, and charmed alike the cultivated and the rude auditors by the wonderful elocution not taught in the schools."

How often at a camp-meeting have we heard him at the close of a dull sermon, spring to his feet, and in thrilling tones repeat: “Blow ye the trumpet, blow;” or “Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast.” At once every eye would be fixed upon him, and smiles, tears and hearty amens would come from every side, and the whole face of things would change, as nature, parched and dusty, is freshened and cleansed by a copious shower.

He often repeated hymns with telling effect, as a mode of reproof. As an example: When he was chaplain of the Maine State Legislature, a sort of bogus assembly, which, by doing many things it ought not to have done, and leaving undone many things it should have done, had become perfectly disgusting to Brother Allen, he was called upon to make the closing prayer of the session; and as he concluded his brief prayer, he arose and said, in his inimitable style:—

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth’s remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed *sinners*, home!”

The appropriateness of the hymn, and its application to the audience, did not need any enforcement.

4. Brother Allen was a most enthusiastic temperance advocate. On that subject he was always at home. He espoused the Washingtonian cause, and did all he could to help it forward. He was an ar-

dent Maine Law advocate. Whenever he spoke the congregation was sure to be convulsed with laughter. His facts and anecdotes were always sure to pierce the joints of the rumseller's harness. It is true he could not reason like Neal Dow, nor had he the dramatic power of Gough; but he could relate an incident, tell an anecdote, repeat a Scripture text or a hymn, and get off a humorous argument, which always carried the crowd. How often have we heard him on such occasions, after able speeches had been made, perfectly electrify the crowd by his stout, sharp, witty, burning words. There were few men that the people were more delighted to hear, thirty years ago, than John Allen.

5. As a preacher, Brother Allen was himself. He patterned after no one. He followed no model but his own. He was never known to be profound—never went beyond his depth. No one went away from listening to Camp-Meeting John Allen, murmuring, "It was good, no doubt, but it was too deep for me." He was not open to the charge which Robert Hall brought against Dr. Gill, the commentator. Mr. Hall was once asked if he did not think Dr. Gill's writings were deep. "Yes," was the reply, "I think they must be, for I was never able to find the bottom of them."

As a preacher Brother Allen was plain, simple, direct and experimental. He was always ready to do as well as he could. A text from which he preached more frequently than from any other was: "As much as in me is, I am ready." In his palmy days he possessed an excellent voice for music, which he used to good effect on opening and closing his sermons. His

children were gifted in this particular, and his granddaughter, Lillian Norton, has acquired a world-wide fame as a vocalist,

6. Brother Allen was a religious man. With all his wit and humor, he was deeply pious. In his early religious life, like most Methodist preachers of those days, he heartily embraced the doctrine, and entered into the experience of entire sanctification. But like too many, then and now, he did not retain the experience. Several times during his ministerial life he professed to have regained the experience. Whether enjoying it or not, he always defended the doctrine as the "central idea" of Methodism.

Up to 1867 his experience was neither uniform nor satisfactory. At that time a new movement was inaugurated. Rev. Geo. M. C. Roberts, of Baltimore, Rev. A. E. Ballard, a presiding elder of the New Jersey Conference, Rev. R. V. Lawrence, of the same Conference, Rev. B. M. Adams, and Rev. John S. Inskip, of the New York East Conference, Rev. Andrew Longacre and Rev. Alfred Cookman, with many others, united in a call for a national camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, to be held at Vineland, N. J., July 17, 1867. That call came under the eye of Brother Allen, and at once he resolved to attend, and did so, being the only representative from Maine.

Among other representative men of the church, he found Bishop Simpson there, with his family, including a wayward son, who at that meeting was soundly converted to God, and dying a few months later, said to his mother: "I shall praise God to all eternity for the Vineland national camp-meeting."

It was at Vineland that Brother Allen regained his lost blessing—a pure heart. With a soul inflamed with this fresh experience, he hastened to his home in Maine to tell of the rich treasure he had found at the national camp-meeting. His wife, who had known something of his vacillations in the past, said to him: “John, I shall watch you now, and see if your life corresponds with your profession.” She did watch him, and after some months, when asked if he kept his temper, replied, that once during the time, while adjusting a stove and getting his toes badly hurt, she thought he stepped around a little more lively than usual, giving evidence that he was not as devotional as when leading a prayer-meeting.

That he might have a little more freedom than he could have in the church, he procured a good-sized tent, pitched it in his garden, and held meetings in it almost daily. In this tent—much like Paul’s own hired house—he preached the Wesleyan gospel of full salvation to his Farmington friends; and for twenty years he has declared this great truth, this blessed experience, in all parts of New England, and often beyond. He has been in season and out of season—always telling what great things God did for him at the Vineland national camp-meeting.

7. He was properly named “Camp-Meeting John.” He attended more camp-meetings than any other man, living or dead, reaching the number of 376. They had special charms for him, and he was ever at home in such gatherings.

He left Boston to attend a camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness in Epping, N. H. The train failed to stop at Newmarket Junction, and carried

him by. Remembering that a camp-meeting was in progress at his old and favored resort, East Livermore, Maine, he concluded to go on and attend that meeting, and return in time to spend a day or two at Epping. But God ordered otherwise. The chariot met him at East Livermore, on a camp-ground he himself had projected some thirty-seven years before, and near his old home, Farmington, where his body was to find its last resting place.

And what place more appropriate for Camp-Meeting John Allen to die than on a camp-ground, during the progress of the meeting? It was at a camp-meeting, the first he ever attended, that he was converted. At the first national camp-meeting ever held, he finally regained the lost blessing of heart purity. It was from a camp-meeting that he was finally taken to the city of the great King.

His death, though not unexpected, was sudden; but he fell like a brave warrior, on the battlefield, in the midst of the fight, and was borne from the field by his comrades in arms, who bestowed upon him royal honors, and laid him to rest where

“No sound shall awake him
To conflict again.”

Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory!

“Oh may we triumph so, -
When all our warfare’s past,
And dying, find our latest foe
Under our feet at last.”

CHAPTER VI.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHARACTER OF REV.
JOHN ALLEN, BY REV. R. B. HOWARD.

AT THE FUNERAL AND BURIAL — JOHN ALLEN'S CENTURY — THE PART HE PLAYED IN ITS PROGRESS — REMEMBERED REPARTEES — HIS LOVE OF CAMP-MEETINGS — ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION — ANECDOTE — CHARACTERIZATION — QUAKER RIDGE REVIVAL, 1838 — HE HELPS BUILD A RAILROAD — THE FARMINGTON REVIVAL, 1862 — ANECDOTE — THE HOLINESS TENT — HIS TWO WIVES — VISITS TO ROCKPORT AND WEST MEDFORD, MASS. — ANECDOTE — CONFIDENCE IN THE UNION CAUSE — RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND PERSONAL QUALITIES.

[The following, from the diary of Rev. R. B. Howard, secretary of the American Peace Society, written on the spot and afterwards published in the *Advocate of Peace*, which is edited by him, we publish in its original form to preserve the freshness and spirit of the record then made. — *Editor.*]

Friday, September 2. Attended the funeral services of Rev. John Allen, "Camp-Meeting John," who, at the age of ninety-two and one-half years, and at

his 374th camp-meeting, fell quietly asleep on the East Livermore, Me., camp-ground, Wednesday, August 31st. His funeral services were conducted by his ministerial brethren of the Maine M. E. Conference. His dark-covered coffin was in front of the altar, where for thirty-five years he had rarely failed to speak, and pray and sing. His early contemporaries were nearly all gone, and "the bearers" and others who took part in the services were, though elderly men, two generations his juniors. Three thousand people were present. Rev. W. H. Foster, a native of my own town of Leeds, whose conversion I remember when a boy, offered prayer. A large choir sung Brother Allen's favorite hymn often repeated by him :

"God moves in a mysterious way."

He used to repeat Scripture with such great facility and in a manner so characteristic of himself that Dr. Charles Cullis of Boston, who gave a simple and touching address founded on the 23d Psalm, said he was the most natural reciter of Scripture he ever heard. He wished that all of us could so assimilate the spirit and language of the Bible to our personality.

The choir again sung the fitting words of Montgomery :

"The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease :
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ well done,
Praise be thy new employ ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

His last pastor at Farmington, Me., (where he was my own neighbor for ten years), Rev. L. H. Bean, gave a simple and touching account of the closing hour. Tell the brethren, said the dying man, "God is my refuge and strength, a present help in time of trouble." The skies then began to weep, and we placed his body in the hearse and followed him to the railroad station, and at Farmington again followed in procession to "Riverside Cemetery," which I have so often visited on similarly sad errands. He had erected an "Allen" monument, and beside the remains of his wife, in a grave festooned by the loving hands of neighbors with evergreen, speaking words of holy promise and prayer, we committed his body to the ground, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and his spirit to God who gave it. His son John and wife, his daughter Augusta (Mrs. Lothrop) and two sons, his son-in-law, L. W. Howes, Esq. and daughter, a grand-daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, all of Boston, and a large number of Mr. Allen's townsmen were present. At evening the Baptist church was thrown open and nearly filled with people. The pastor, Rev. H. W. Tilden, conducted the singing, Rev. L. H. Bean presided, the writer spoke briefly and Dr. Cullis preached on "*I believe God*" — Acts xxvii: 25, in a very impressive way, illustrating his discourse by incidents in his own life-work of faith for consumptives, and those afflicted with spinal diseases and cancers. The death of their well-known and honored townsmen also suggested precious thoughts to all the speakers.

John Allen's century has been one remarkable for many things; and in them he bore no mean part. He was prime mover in the first temperance society

in Farmington, Jan. 3, 1829. He was an eloquent advocate of and a subscriber to the earliest railroad enterprises. He was a circuit preacher, riding from place to place, and by his earnestness and persistence bringing many a man upon his knees before God for the first time. Such was the fact in the family of the writer in 1838.

He was not the first, but among the first, to oppose the institution of slavery. The first missionaries to foreign lands did not leave America till he was seventeen years old. His brother Harrison was a missionary to the Indians. Two men were at the funeral, Rev. Stephen Allen and Mr. Norcross of New Sharon, who were at the camp-meeting in Industry, 1825, where John Allen was converted from—to use his own words—“a swearing sinner to a shouting Methodist.” His controversies with Calvinists and Universalists were more remarkable on his part for ready wit than profound argument. He once helped out one of our hypercritical meetings with “Brethren, I have learned that it takes little grace to find fault.” He saw the rise, and, in many of its useful aspects, the decadence of the camp-meeting. He contributed to and lived beside a church edifice at home, which, repeated in suitable form in every town, would make out-of-door meetings less necessary than in 1825 when there were few or no meeting-houses in many towns in Maine. But he was never so happy as in “the tented grove.” The very roughness and discomfort of tent-life chimed in with his not over-sensitive nature. The loud singing and preaching, the shouting, the intense spiritual excitement in the “tents” and at the “altar,” the “closet” exercises in a shady nook,

the leading out of a sinner to such a spot for conversation and prayer, the dim light of the overhanging lamps at night, the very noisiness of the uninterested crowd outside, were not without attraction to him. But beside and deeper than all these in his heart of hearts, was the salvation of his fellow-sinners — “men of like passions” as himself.

He believed in the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification and professed to experience it at Vinaland, N. J., in 1867. But his manner was hardly less subdued and his conversation and spirit not remarkably changed. He and his wife had been through that terrible test of Christian patience, putting up a stove. He was speaking of his having lived without sin. His cautious, conscientious wife remarked, “Husband, didn’t you move that stove a little quick?”

“O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ousel’s as ithers see us.”

He had a grandfather’s pride in the musical renown of the *Prima Donna*, Lilian Norton. His beloved daughter, Mrs. Lothrop, made him a pleasant home in Boston after the burning of his Farmington house.

“I will go home in the morning,” he said to the tender watchers around him when he was dying. His heart longed for his quiet room and his daughter’s presence. But God had another kind of a “morning” and another “home” for our brother.

“Joy, O joy, behold the Saviour !
Joy, O joy, the message hear,
I’ll stand by until the morning,

I've come to save you, do not fear.
Yes, I'll stand by until the morning,
I've come to save you, do not fear."

As Dr. Cullis so well said, "to him the valley of death was very short." It had no shadow. In the morning, the light on that manly brow

"It was the sunlight only."

I may not say more, but he was indeed "rare John Allen." His ingenuousness, wit, good nature, broad sympathy for all good things and people, his occasional bursts of eloquence, his hearty songs of praise, his cheerful words in the dark hours of great enterprises, his upright conduct, his evangelizing spirit and undeviating, unquenchable faith were to me a personal blessing and inspiration.

It would not be difficult to point out defects in character and culture. Others may do that. I prefer to "say nothing unless good" of my departed friend.

The "Diary" closes here, but the writer will, by request, add further reminiscences. It is now, (1888), just half a century since the remarkable revival at Quaker Ridge in Leeds. Salmon Brewster and Nathan Stetson, two of the converts, have died within the year, at an age only a little less than that of their always-beloved preacher. That work of grace resuscitated an almost dead church, organized a vigorous "class," built a commodious chapel, and gave religious privileges to an interesting neighborhood, other-

wise destitute. He has since occasionally visited and preached in the vicinity, and was a welcome guest at all homes. It was my childhood's home, and anecdotes were frequently told of Camp-Meeting John.

Our stepfather, Col. John Gilmore, was for many years treasurer of the railroad, which, after weary years and many sacrifices, was completed from Leeds to Farmington, thirty-six miles, in 1859. In its various stages of pecuniary embarrassment, and when utter failure and hopeless bankruptcy seemed inevitable, the enterprise never lacked the good cheer of John Allen's witty and encouraging speeches, and such subscriptions as he could make. One of his sallies would vitalize the atmosphere of a despondent railroad meeting, and put heart into the oft-defeated leaders of a forlorn enterprise.

But my greatest intimacy with him was during the ten years from 1860 to 1870, that I was his neighbor; years of unmarred social intercourse and growing friendship. During the revival of 1862 he was in Farmington. What he had been in so many school-houses, churches and leafy groves, he was here—fervid, indefatigable, running over with earnest and personal persuasions to everybody to turn unto the Lord. He seized upon every circumstance, even used the fears of the superstitious, to enforce a present and real duty. A man who lived two miles from the village was awakened in the night and

alarmed by the falling tin basins and pans from the upper shelf of his pantry. He told Mr. Allen he could not understand what a thing so strange and unaccountable could mean. "It means, my friend, give your heart to God!" was the immediate response. "God may never call you again. Get on your knees, let us pray." The man was converted and lived a Christian life thereafter. At such times, Mr. Allen was impatient at slow movements, but never showed it by irritation.

After his second conversion at Vineland in 1867, he erected a tent in the rear of his house at Farmington, and invited all to meet him and pray for holiness of heart. As the winter advanced the weather grew cold and the snow deep, but, nothing daunted, boards were laid for a floor, a stove was set for heat, and the meetings went on. I well remember one meeting when only three of us were present, but we enjoyed pleading the divine promises to prayer.

The first Mrs. Allen, who was alluded to in the diary, was the direct opposite of her husband in temperament. She was methodical, conscientious in little things, a most faithful and devoted wife and mother. His clothing was always ready for his sudden journeys, on which she seldom accompanied him. In the earlier period of his ministry, both the flour and the pork barrel were often lower than their frequent guests knew. She was the planner and provider of

the household, "the power behind the throne." He never appeared in public without bearing marks of her painstaking care. His was essentially a social and public life. She was quiet and domestic in her tastes, and, indeed, she was forced to small economies and diligent labor to provide things necessary at home. He was a sincere mourner at her death, (1875), and his home and his person suffered in appearance and in fact, by her departure.

His subsequent marriage with Mrs. Fellows gave him a wife who, till she was stricken with paralysis, enjoyed accompanying him on his journeys, and publicly laboring in religious meetings. After the death of his second wife, from 1881 to the loss of his house by fire in October, 1886, he kept a room for his exclusive use, and boarded with a kind family to whom he rented the rest of his house.

After 1870, when I changed my residence to Illinois, I saw less of Mr. Allen. In 1882, I had a pleasant visit from him at Rockport, Mass., where he gave his laughter-breeding reminiscences of early life in my church, and enjoyed meeting the widow of his missionary brother, Harrison — Mrs. Nancy E. Brooks, now of Gloucester.

In the winter of 1886, with other friends from Maine, he dined with us at West Medford. While at table, a minister who was present turned to him with the inquiry, "Mr. Allen, what is the secret of living

so long as you have done?" "*Keep on breathing,*" was the quick response.

The period of the civil war at Farmington, as elsewhere, "tried men's souls." At all meetings for the kindling and expression of love of country and of the Union, and the denunciation of secession and slavery, Camp-Meeting John was a welcome speaker. His faith and courage never shrank even in the darkest hour. A miniature rebellion in the north part of Franklin county and a hooting at colored people even in Farmington followed the draft and the New York riots. When the defeat of the Union armies gave courage to the opponents of the war, they used to say, "the bonds are not good; the greenbacks are worthless, or will become so." Anything dependent on the permanence and perpetuity of the national government was, with disheartened citizens, at a discount; but John Allen never faltered in his faith, and was always ready to proclaim it.

Just so in the temperance cause. From youth to death it had a no more earnest or consistent advocate. When the Constitutional Amendment was voted on in Maine, a red-rum-faced man was soliciting "no" votes and flourishing his own at the town meeting. Mr. Allen came in and was saluted with "How will *you* vote, Uncle John?" "I need not ask *you*," was the quick reply, "Your face has already voted!"

It does not seem to me that Mr. Allen was so finely and completely sympathetic with others as are many natures less robust and aggressive. Young people were fond of hearing him, more I think, on account of his contagious magnetism and overflowing humor, than of that personal identification with the thoughts and struggles of the young that characterizes great teachers and some great preachers.

His peculiar personal influence was more especially on those of middle life, whose temperament was similar to his own. Many such have been struck with arrows of conviction, which flew from his full quiver; many others have yielded to his forceful persuasions to kneel, to pray, to yield their wills and consecrate themselves to God. He sometimes aided nature and co-operated with conscience by a gentle pressure of the hand upon the persons of those sinners whom he knew ought to bow in prayer.

He rose to his highest enjoyment in the songs of deliverance. He was a natural but not a cultivated singer. He had a voice that led better than it harmonized with others, but it was never out of time or tune. I can almost hear him pouring out his grateful songs and shouting,

“Ring the bells of Heaven,
There is joy to-day.”

In prayer he never seemed broken-spirited, and was not always deeply reverent. His clear voice

would take the upward cadence. He would recite many promises, utter arguments as appropriate to man as to God, and sometimes his manner was apparently apologetic on account of temporary and enforced seriousness.

In evangelistic labors in which he abounded, he employed the doctrines and methods of 1840, rather than those of 1880. His faith in supernatural regeneration, a free will and a full welcome to gospel privileges, never abated. If less severe on "Calvinism," it was from an increase of benevolent feeling towards errorists, rather than change of belief. He was a little impatient if his brethren were slow, dry, lengthy and unedifying.

He did not hesitate to work with his hands on the land which he owned near the village. His horse, used at times in missionary tours, was not unfrequently seen in the cart and hay-rack with his owner driving. He sometimes brought home the thank-offerings of his hearers in the form of bags of oats or corn. I once jokingly complained to him that he spoiled the market for pulpit "supplies" because he would preach for little or nothing. He said he "probably received all that it was worth!"

His will was not always submissive when he differed from his neighbors in small transactions. Some were not slow to speak of his faults to his face (when they usually suffered from the *lex talionis*) and some-

times to me and other friends. He was manly in owning a mistake, but his whole make-up rendered penitence, tenderness, confession and tears unnatural. He was never apparently tortured by doubt, dazed by perplexity or harrassed by many temptations common to more delicate and sensitive natures.

The universal tribute of a laugh that followed his stories and repartees in the stores and on the street tempted him to say things sometimes more ludicrous than reverent, more broadly humorous than refined. He sincerely regretted these sallies when he yielded to the temptation of "answering a fool according to his folly," or answered the idle and cheered the sombre with anecdotes whose hero was himself.

He had slight temptation to a sedentary life, and cared little for merely literary pursuits. He studied no more than seemed necessary for pulpit preparation, and wrote with small ease and satisfaction to himself. At our minister's meetings he was a welcome but infrequent attendant.

Rev. J. S. Swift, a Farmington Free Baptist and editor, was extremely fond of out of the way books, studies and discussions. He and Mr. Allen had intellectually little in common. It was sometimes amusing and instructive to hear their opinions of each other and to participate with them in union meetings.

When I adopted the work of international peace and arbitration for the remainder of a life for a quarter

of a century spent in the pastorate, Mr. Allen came to hear me "give a reason for the hope that was in me," at the Congregational church in Farmington. His attention and interest were unmistakable, but the "amens" were few. The acquiescence was cordial but not enthusiastic, apparently more for my sake than for that of my cause. The broad and impersonal aspect of my work did not move him as did the more immediate, local and personal efforts of an evangelist or pastor. The preaching of peace was true, necessary and excellent, but not personally salvatory.

Mr. Allen's life-work was the saving of sinners, and when evangelists like E. P. Hammond came to Farmington he was alive all through and all over. His last winter in Boston with Sam Jones and Sam Small has been alluded to. How happy he was in the ministers meetings, at the Monday lectures and on other public occasions!

The opening of this chapter leaves the manly frame of John Allen quietly waiting the resurrection at the lovely place which he had prepared for his reception. The editor wishes me to look

"Within the veil and see
This saint above, how great his joy,
How bright his glories be."

I cannot do it.* "The veil of sense hangs dark between." But I cannot conceive even of the soul of

* The editor is satisfied with the reply in its totality. He is opposed to regarding the realm beyond the tomb as a universal

Brother Allen, absent as it is from his formerly unresting body, engaged in nothing but contemplation and repose. If there be some long, swift errands to do in heaven ; if there be any praise meetings of angels over other worlds redeemed, or sinners recently converted, such employments are congenial to him if he remains at all like his old redeemed self while on earth. Especially if there be any encampment of heavenly hosts with no temple but the groves, where songs of praise resound and stories of redeeming love are repeated with shouts of thanksgiving — there is where I will look for my old friend and neighbor. He will enjoy doing as he pleases. He could not always do it here. His heavenly mansion outshines the renovated cottage of which he was so proud and which vanished one night in flame. The pains of death were in his feet many weary nights while his heart beat with all fulness and his brain throbbed with its wonted activity. It will please him to have wings — even railroads were not too quick for him. The tidings of sinners converted, which God communicates to the “presence angels,” will reach him. How he will sing again,

“ ‘Twas great to speak a word from naught,
‘Twas greater to redeem !”

gloom, in which we can perceive nothing that bears likeness to our healthful and holy activities here, — nothing which affords anticipations of a degree of happiness rarely attained while in the physical body.

We cannot weep for the “ happy old man,” as he used to call himself. God fills all places made vacant on earth in his own time and way, and as to heaven—

By-and-bye we shall meet him,
By-and-bye we shall greet him,
And with Jesus reign in glory by-and-bye.

CHAPTER VII.

REV. J. W. HAMILTON ON CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN.

THE OFFICE OF JOHN ALLEN IN THE M. E. CHURCH — HIS EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION — HIS BROTHER CONVERTED TO METHODISM — PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF JOHN ALLEN — QUALITY OF HIS WIT — HIS MODE OF PREACHING.

Versatility of genius is more marked in the Methodist Episcopal Church than in any other body of Christian believers in America. There are men distinguished by traits of mind and character which are many and diverse. Some have shown great adaptability to periods, as the pioneers and reformers. Some have distinguished themselves as preachers, others as educators, and still others as writers. There have been distinguished administrators, noted pastors and great evangelists. There are men who in our thought or memory of them, are indissolubly joined to institutions which have been distinguished by them or by which they have been distinguished.

Camp-Meeting John Allen has a period and an institution all to himself. He was accustomed to say when he was addressed as "Dr. Allen": "No, sir, thank you. You Doctors of Divinity have many honorables among you; but there is only one of us."

Born before the first camp-meetings were held, he lived to be a kind of presiding genius over their history. What they were, in a sense he was, and where they were he always was, time and distance consenting.

He had his birth March 7, 1795, in a cabin home in Farmington, Me. His father, William Allen, who had married Love Coffin, went from Martha's Vineyard to Farmington in 1792. John was a genius from the beginning. But during his boyhood his humorous disposition and lively manners only served to entertain his youthful companions as they went about their sports. He had no thought of the ministry, and little care for his training and education, and yet he managed to get together something out of his scanty store of books and privileges with which to teach a number of terms of school. He married October 20, 1820, Annah S. Hersey, who was born in Augusta. In December, 1824, he signed, "when there was need of it," as he said, a temperance pledge, which was the beginning of the first Temperance Society in Farmington. In June, 1825, he attended his first camp-meeting at Industry, and was there converted

on the 29th of the month. In describing the experience, the writer has often heard him say, that he "went there a swearing Universalist and came back a shouting Methodist." When his brother, who was not a Christian, heard of his conversion, he said, "John takes too high ground, he can never sustain it." But John replied, "Tell Brother Bill he takes too low ground, he never can sustain that."

He began to preach in 1828 as a local preacher, and after seven years in the local ministry he joined the Maine Conference, and was sent to the circuit where his brother lived. In a little time the latter was converted and joined the Methodists. In an old journal which this brother kept from day to day, is found the following tribute to his brother, the preacher: "Brother John was the rudest of our family, but he went to camp-meeting and got converted, and then he was so zealous we were afraid he wouldn't hold out, but he has succeeded far better than we expected."

It was in 1835 that Mr. Allen joined the Conference at Bangor, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Emory; and in 1838 at Wiscasset he was ordained elder by Bishop Hedding.

He was not a tall man, nor large man, but like Paul and Wesley, he "found the blessedness of being little." Grace, however, had shaped his form, and he was a man of symmetrical measure. He had a

“reverend head,” “decent shoulders,” and was “built stout and straight.” His unkempt silk hat helped him to look like a minister. He went about with a quick, nervous movement, and on the platform or in the pulpit, his muscles seemed to jerk at the touch of his wit. He would throw his hands through his hair, to help out his gestures, and step up into his clothes, with a John Allen movement, whenever he would say a bright thing or make an eccentric remark. “He shined eccentric.” There was nothing forced or unnatural in his manner. He was perfectly composed, if not complacent in all his demeanor, and his quaintness came forth as smoothly and orderly as the clear running water out of the side of the mountain.

It would not be just to say that his humor was only comical, for there was a dignity about it which never permitted him to be ludicrous. He was not hilarious nor frolicsome. He was mirthful and droll. He indulged in merriment rather than jollity. He uttered bright and amusing sayings, and was distinguished for his repartee. He seldom indulged in satire, or sarcasm or irony in the harsh sense, but his wit exhibited no little ingenuity, as well as an agreeable or congenial humor. He had no enemies because of his witticisms, but by them, he made himself pre-eminently popular. How could it be otherwise?—“the laughers are a majority.”

The best things he has said will never be printed : many things kept in the traditions will never be forgotten. Some of the more laughable things he has told were at his own expense, and happened during the early years of his ministry, though not a few occurred after he was ninety years old. He attempted to lecture after he had reached four-score years, and he called his lecture "Reminiscences." An old lady in one of the country towns of Maine who knew "Brother Allen" to be an ardent advocate for temperance, heard of his lecture, and misapprehending the trend of his discourse said, as he reported it, she could not tell what had come over him, that he had gone to lecturing on "Rum and Essences." The writer met him a few months before his death in the Methodist Book Room in Boston, and said "Brother Allen, how are you at ninety-two?" Instantly he replied "I am beginning to feel as I have seen a great many old people act. My feet trouble me a great deal, but I presume I ought not to complain, for most people begin to die at the top."

His limited education troubled him very considerably in getting at the meaning of the Scriptures, when he began to preach. He said that his attainments often led him to abandon some of his best sermons. Among his first efforts was a sermon he preached from the text, "The works of His hands are *verity* and judgment." His idea of the text, he

said, gave him great "scope and much liberty," for he read the verse as follows: "The works of His hands are *variety* and judgment." On another occasion when he was dealing "shoulder-blows" at Universalism, he quoted a passage of Scripture, which a Universalist brother who was present was disposed to question. He arose in the congregation and said, "Brother Allen, that verse don't read so in my Bible." Hoping to divert his criticism by putting the Universalist to a test of his own knowledge of the Bible, he answered, "Very well, Brother, how does it read in your Bible?" To the preacher's utter discomfiture, the man took from his pocket a well-worn copy of the Scriptures and began to read correctly the verse which had been quoted. The resources of his wit, upon which the camp-meeting divine so often relied for his defense, came to his rescue the moment the reading was ended, and he answered again, "Thank you, my Brother. I thank you very much for your help, but the fact is, I have been a poor ignorant, and miserable Universalist for the most of my life, and you will have to forgive me for not getting things straight all at once."

Like the apostle in speaking to the Corinthians, he had "great boldness of speech," but his humor so mollified his demands that he could say about what he pleased when he was preaching, with "free utterance." He spoke from the pulpit of the People's

Church in Boston one Sunday afternoon, when it occurred to his mind, among other things to denounce the use of tobacco. An aged Methodist brother, whose habits held him to a pipe,—it was always in his mouth or his pocket,—was much stirred by the camp-meeting preacher's sermon, and he came straight to the pulpit at the close of the meeting, where he said with much feeling, "Brother Allen, did you mean me in your sermon to-day?" Quick as the words could get to his lips, Brother Allen responded, "To tell the truth, I could not help but think of you." In another city church there was a Methodist layman who had the reputation of possessing great riches, and so loving his money as seldom to part with any of it. This layman often led the prayer and social meeting, and usually he would begin with the reading of a Scripture lesson, after which he would pronounce a homily at great length. Upon the invitation of the Methodist money-king, "Brother Allen" at one time accompanied him to the church, and within the altar rail, to a seat behind the desk. The preacher was not invited "to open the meeting" but the layman proceeded as his custom was to read and comment. He read the chapter describing "the golden calf," exhorted vehemently, and then called upon Brother Allen to pray. Evidently Camp-Meeting John "had his thoughts," for he rose and came forward demurely, and said with-

out the apparent movement of a muscle in his face, “Some people don’t wait until their gold is made into calves to worship it. Let us pray.”

Many a preacher of less courage has been resigned, to say the least, when Brother Allen has said some things which he would like to say himself. On one of the camp-grounds in Maine, when a collection was to be taken, Brother Allen volunteered to be one of the collectors, and started with the others to receive the people’s contributions. In a part of the congregation distant from him along another aisle, a man with purposed ostentation arose and called out, “Brother Allen, this way, money, money.” Leaving his place and going across the encampment to the man who held his money in his hands, Brother Allen passed to him his hat, and received his offering. Bringing the hat back to his face, he peered into its depths, until he had descried the money in the bottom of it, when he cried out, “Lord bless Squire Whitney ten cents worth.” He then hastened back to his appointed direction and finished his part of “taking the collection.” One Sunday morning, during a love feast on one of the New England camp-grounds, a young Methodist minister arose with much self-possession, and said with rather a pompous air, “I do not believe in singing ‘Oh to be nothing;’ I propose to be something, and I want my people to know it, and the preachers too.” The case demanded re-

buke, and Brother Allen was ready. He rose as promptly as if he had been set for the occasion, and said, "If a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

We shall remember Brother Allen quite as much for his inimitable way of reading the Scriptures in the public congregation, as for his other eccentricities of genius. In his repeating whole chapters from his memory there was a "majesty in simplicity" above all his "quaintness of wit." No wonder that he was so often asked where he had studied elocution!

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

He that ascended up far above all heavens gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, and one "Camp-Meeting John Allen."

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS ON REV. JOHN ALLEN.

MR. ALLEN'S LAST JOURNEY — PERSONAL INCIDENTS
OF HIS LAST CAMP-MEETING AND ILLNESS — THE
MEMORIAL WINDOW — BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE —
THE FUNERAL — REMINISCENCES — HIS LAST WILL
AND TESTAMENT — THE BOSTON GLOBE'S ESTIMATE
OF HIS CHARACTER AND POPULARITY.

The tributes of regard on the occasion of the death of "Camp-Meeting John" were quite universal in the newspaper press of New England, but we have space left for two only, which may be taken as fairly representative of all. In its issue of Thursday, Sept. 8th, the week following the death of Mr. Allen, the *Farmington Chronicle*, a leading paper of his county, published in the town which for many years had been the residence of the deceased minister, printed the following editorial article:—

This community was shocked last Wednesday eve on receipt of a telegram by Rev. E. Gerry from Rev. C. E. Bisbee, dated East Livermore camp-

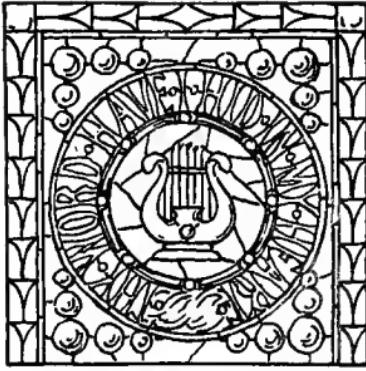
ground, announcing that Rev. John Allen, commonly known as Camp-Meeting John Allen, died on the grounds at 5 o'clock that afternoon. He was attending camp-meeting now in session there, it being the 374th he had attended. The evening previous he preached a sermon which greatly exhausted him, so that he was quite sick the next morning, but rallied in the afternoon and sat up in his chair conversing with friends apparently in usual health. Mr. Allen assisted in laying out the grounds upon which he died, also in organizing the East Livermore Camp-meeting Association over thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Allen's home here was burned in the great fire last October, since which time he had resided with a daughter in Boston. He started from there the first of the week to attend a camp-meeting in New Hampshire, but the train carried him past the point, so he concluded to keep on to the East Livermore meeting.

Lyman G. Preston returned from the camp-ground that night and was very much shocked to learn of Mr. Allen's death. "Why," said he, "I was talking with the old gentleman at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and he seemed very bright and cheerful." It is thought heart trouble was the immediate cause of his death.

Mr. Allen was fearful his end was near, however, for early in the afternoon he called Revs. L. H. Bean and Stephen Allen into his cottage and made the necessary arrangements to place a \$300 memorial window for himself in the new Methodist church building here.

The old gentleman started from Boston, where he had been stopping with his daughter since the Farm-



MEMORIAL WINDOW OF CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN IN THE M. E. CHURCH,
FARMINGTON, ME.

(Made by BRAY & BRECK, 35 & 37 Province Street, Boston.)

ington fire, Monday morning, for Epping, N. H., to attend a camp-meeting. Not hearing the name of the station called, he was carried by. The conductor offered to carry him back, but he refused, saying, "Drive on ; better things ahead."

After arriving at the grounds he appeared worn out and tired from his journey. His customary good spirits and vigor soon manifested themselves, however, and nothing serious was apprehended even to the hour of his death.

Tuesday forenoon he seemed brighter and took part in the meeting during the day. At night he took no supper. In the evening prayer-meeting he spoke to considerable length. The most of his remarks were to the effect that it was the last camp-meeting he would ever attend, and that he would soon pass to the other world.

Wednesday morning he felt better than the day before. He ate a very hearty breakfast. Soon after he was in great distress. He soon recovered from this spell. During the afternoon he seemed bright and cheerful, and chatted pleasantly with those around him.

Not a great while ago he said to a friend, "I had as lief die on the East Livermore camp-ground as any place in the world." Only a few hours before his death, he told the following story, which was enjoyed heartily by his hearers : He was at Augusta one time, when a young man came up to him and abused the Methodists in round terms. The fellow said that his father had been a Methodist minister and had kept shaking him over hell for twenty years.

Said Camp-Meeting John, " Well, it was a pity he hadn't dropped you."

At about 3 o'clock he signed the papers necessary to the dedication of a memorial window to himself in the new Methodist church at Farmington.

His death, which occurred in the cottage of J. Worthy, was so easy and sudden that those in the room hardly noticed it. He was sitting in an arm chair, when he took a long breath and fell back dead. His face looked as natural as life, and it seemed as if he had just fallen asleep.

The last sentence he uttered was, " I shall be ready to go to Boston to-morrow morning."

The body was embalmed Thursday morning by J. F. Jefferds of Livermore Falls.

The deceased was born March 7, 1795, in a log cabin in this town. He had very little of the privilege of schools. When he was seventeen he attended Farmington Academy a few weeks. Afterwards he was apprenticed to a clothier, teaching school in the winter. He was wild and reckless in his youth; and while attending the camp-meeting for the purpose of making fun he became converted. After that, camp-meetings had a peculiar charm for him and he attended them far and near as often as convenient, till his death. Having commenced preaching in mature life, he was admitted as a member of the Maine Conference and stationed at different appointments which he successfully filled, and after a long period of active work was placed on the superannuated list. As a preacher he was original and interesting; as a pastor faithful and diligent. He was ever distinguished for

his wit, opponents having reason to fear him on account of his sharp and ready repartee.

He served as chaplain of the Maine House of Representatives in 1879 and '81. He leaves two daughters (one of whom is the mother of Lilian Norton Gower, the noted vocalist) and one son.

THE FUNERAL. It is estimated that over 3,000 people attended the obsequies of Mr. Allen, on the East Livermore camp-ground, last Friday afternoon,—said to be the largest crowd ever on the grounds. The forenoon trains were loaded, while carriages streamed in great numbers from all directions during the latter part of the forenoon. The opportunity for viewing the remains before the funeral ceremonies was eagerly taken advantage of by the multitude. The remains of the aged divine, in a suit of plain black, reposed in a black broadcloth casket which was placed in front of the platform, in accordance with the oft expressed wish of Mr. Allen. A calm, peaceful look rested upon his face as though he were asleep. On the centre panel of the casket was a plain plate bearing the following inscription: "Rev. John Allen, died Aug. 31, 1887, aged 92 years, 6 months."

The services opened with a voluntary by a choir of sixteen voices, led by Everett Bean of Farmington, after which the exercises were as follows: Reading of hymn, Rev. W. S. McIntire of Brunswick; reading of Scripture, Rev. A. S. Ladd of Auburn; prayer Rev. W. H. Foster of Yarmouth; reading of hymn, Rev. G. C. Andrews of Wilton; address, Rev. Charles Cullis of Boston; address Rev. L. H. Bean of Farmington. The service was in charge of

Rev. G. C. Andrews of Wilton, who acted as presiding elder during the absence of Rev. C. J. Clark in Cincinnati.

Dr. Cullis spoke of an agreement made several years ago with the dead preacher to preach his funeral sermon. The speaker last met him in Chicago at a convention. In parting he said to Dr. Cullis: Now don't forget your promise. Dr. Cullis took his text from the 23d Psalm. He spoke of his first meeting with Camp-Meeting John Allen, and of the latter's many natural gifts, long and active Christian life, and his great influence upon all he met. It was a very eloquent address and was listened to very attentively by the large audience.

Rev. L. H. Bean, of Farmington, followed with a few remarks, vividly reviewing scenes of the few days prior to Mr. Allen's death. At the Tuesday evening meeting he spoke very positively to the effect that he would soon be called above. Afterwards, when he went to the Wayne chapel, he repeated his statements which cast a gloom over his hearers. Being asked if he thought it was best for him to go to Boston, he replied, "Oh, yes, you can get me to the depot somehow, and think I can travel as fast as any of them."

At the conclusion of Mr. Bean's address rain began to fall and the service closed. The procession then formed with Rev. T. F. Jones as marshal, and marched to the East Livermore depot where the train was taken for Farmington.

On arrival of the train at this depot the remains were met by quite a gathering of citizens. The bearers were Rev. M. Holley, Daniel Beedy, A. T.

Tuck, W. L. Goodwin, B. Goodwin and Thomas B. Smith. Fifteen carriages containing relatives and friends, followed the hearse to Riverside Cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed, the service being conducted by Rev. L. H. Bean. Among the relatives present we noticed the son, John W. Allen and wife of Malden, Mass. ; daughter, Mrs. Augusta Lothrop and two daughters; son-in-law, L. W. Howes, Esq., and daughter; granddaughter, Mrs. W. F. Baldwin, all of Boston; also the nephews, Rev. Drs. Stephen and Charles Allen. Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, and Rev. R. B. Howard, old friends of the deceased, also followed the remains.

Arriving at Riverside the procession filed sadly through the main entrance, then turned and proceeded north a short distance to the Allen lot, which fronts the road, Rev. Mr. Bean in the meantime reading aloud from the burial service of the M. E. Church. Here a brief service was held, Dr. Cullis reading the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and Revs. Howard and Bean reading selections of Scripture.

The casket lid was removed and many friends took a last look at the face of the dead. After closing the lid a fervent prayer was offered by Dr. Cullis, followed by reciting the Lord's prayer in unison, and the benediction by Rev. R. B. Howard, after which the casket was lowered to its last resting place.

The grave had been tastefully trimmed with evergreen, autumn leaves, choice flowers and vines, by the loving hands of friends, and after the casket had been lowered flowers and evergreen were thrown upon it by spectators, and the procession then slowly and sadly went away.

REMINISCENCES. Last winter Mr. Allen passed in Boston, and visitors to the law office of his son-in-law (L. W. Howes, Esq.,) often found him there chatty and happy. A reporter of the *Boston Journal* interviewed him there, approaching him thus:

"You were chaplain of the Maine legislature, I believe, Mr. Allen, for some time?"

"Yes," was the quick response, and a smile of recollection lighted up his face; "I gave 'em Scripture in the legislature for two years, and didn't need a Bible, either. I can remember whole chapters by heart. Read them through and through, you know, but didn't try to commit them. I remember in the legislature I was called upon to pray for a governor—and he wasn't of the same politics as I. So I just prayed that he 'might be the best governor in the State, if possible.' Then there was another governor—and he differed from me, too. I prayed that he 'might be as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove.'"

"How did you pray for the legislators, Mr. Allen?"

"The legislators? I just prayed, 'O Lord, enable them to condense and to be able to stop when they get through.' One day I went to the Senate to officiate, and I prayed that the Lord might enable them to bring order out of chaos and confusion. The president reproved me for it, but I asked him if that wasn't what he wanted."

The old gentleman heartily enjoyed his reminiscences, and he was soon telling his interested auditors anecdote after anecdote of past experience. "I always keep a shot in the locker ready for use," he

declared. "One time I was on the boat between Boston and Portland, and improved the occasion by giving talks on the Bible. A man interrupted me and said he wanted to ask me a question,—what did I think of a man's breath being his soul. I didn't answer him then, and afterward he said he was a college graduate and was ready to answer any question any one might put. He wanted to know why I did not answer his question. I said I had no idea of loading a cannon to shoot a mosquito. Then he declared he only wanted to get up a discussion. Said I, well, you got one didn't you? In Maine once when we were voting on the liquor question a man came up beside me, and holding up a big 'no' ballot, declared he was going to vote that. Well, said I, your countenance voted before you."

"One day," continued the veteran preacher clapping his feet together as he spoke, an occasional habit of his, "One day I was going to ride with my wife. She was quiet and retiring-like, very serious minded. I was helping her into the carriage when she says, 'John, I ain't so buoyant as when I was a girl.' 'No,' says I, 'and I ain't so gallant as when I was a boy.' Then, when our conference was in session there was a meeting of the court at the same time. We were waiting for appointments, when up came a deputy sheriff and wanted to know what station he was going to be put on. 'Thomaston,' said I. (At Thomaston was the State prison.) 'But Thomaston isn't on the circuit,' said he. 'No, but it's a station,' I replied. And do you know that sixteen years later that man was put in that prison?"

He was asked if he ever used manuscript. He never did. "I used to be at political conventions where Mr. Blaine was," he continued, "and I made a prayer there once, which Blaine wanted a copy of. He sent to me and offered compensation for a copy. I replied that I didn't write out my prayers, and if I did they were not for sale."

"Do you read much nowadays?"

"I read the newspapers every day."

"Anything else?"

"O, the Bible, the Bible, every day."

Rev. Mr. Allen married one hundred and two couples, and he had many a tale to tell of the way he used to receive his pay, oftentimes in corn and produce. One woman "wanted her name changed"—as Mr. Allen put it—so he married her to the "man." The happy husband, at the finis of the ceremony, pulled out nine shillings, declaring, as he handed them to the clergyman: "There, I think that's as much as it's worth." Quoth Mr. Allen instanter, "You've got a cheap concern, then."

THE WILL. Rev. John Allen's will was drawn several years ago, but as it was kept in his house here it was destroyed in the great fire, with many other valuable papers, keepsakes, etc. A second will was drawn in May last, in which his nephew, Rev. Stephen Allen, D. D., was named as executor. He was not so wealthy, it appears, as many had supposed, his whole property amounting to but little, if any, over \$3,000. As previously stated, when taken ill on the camp-meeting grounds he felt his end was near, so calling his executor and others into his cottage he ar-

ranged for the placing of a memorial window in the new Methodist Church here, giving his note for \$300.

We are informed that Mr. Allen's will contains the following bequests :

Dr. Charles Cullis' church, of Boston, \$50.

Freeman Camp-Meeting Association, \$50.

Rev. Wm. Taylor's mission in Africa, \$25.

Domestic missions in Maine, \$25.

Susan Daggett, Farmington, for kind care and nursing, \$25.

The remainder, after all expenses are paid, amounting to a little over \$2,000, is to be equally distributed among his legal heirs.

Mr. Allen left a paid-up insurance policy on his life for \$500.

The will is to be probated in Boston, as no property was left in this county.

The *Boston Globe*, a few days after Mr. Allen's death, had in its editorial columns, the following tribute to the aged clergyman :

The person who invented the idea that man's life was not measured by clock ticks but by heart throbs, was partly right and considerably wrong. People may profess to make light of existence and look upon old age as a bore and nuisance as much as they please, yet a ripe old age is a thing much to be desired, and the only reason why more do not reach it is because they have to die in spite of themselves. There is no use in denying the fact that we all want to live and enjoy ourselves as long and as much as we can. All joy and hope are associated with life and health, and the man who said he had rather be a

live beggar than a dead king struck one of the richest nuggets of philosophy that has been taken from the mines of experience.

No better illustration of the fact that life is a good thing is needed than the career of "Camp-Meeting John Allen," the eccentric divine, who lately died in Maine, while attending his three hundred and seventy-fourth camp-meeting. There was nothing remarkable about this man, save his vigor of mind and body. He was not a leader in thought or society. What gifts he had came from a masterly ability to withstand the fatigues, both mental and physical, which wear out ordinary men and make them decay before their time. For a period which equals the average duration of human life he was

A very abandoned young person,
Making the most of evil chances,

drinking hard cider and New England rum, getting into brawls and painting the backwoods red with elephantine hilarity. From his own statement his conversion was due to going to a camp-meeting for the purpose of "having a lark," when he was smitten with some electric shock from the preacher, and from that day on to the day of his death his ways never changed, and "he loved the things he hated and hated the things he loved."

There is nothing very curious in all this. When the fires of youth are burned out and headaches from over indulgence grow worse and worse there is little or no merit in reformation. Men who become good because they can be bad no longer are not models for others to imitate. But this man was not a

physical wreck ; he was not debilitated by a constant round of dissipation. On the contrary he was yet in the full vigor of manhood, and though he spent the time of life in sin he had still enough of vitality left to last through the period of two human lives in righteousness and went out like a falling star, " trailing clouds of glory " behind him.

Most of his life was pure and sweet and holy. The words of cheer he has uttered, the consolation he has given and the great good he has done cannot be over-estimated. But it was not for any of these that he won renown among the people. His talk was vigorous and pathetic, but there are hundreds of others equally so ; he was witty and kind-hearted, but all the wit and charity of his noble mind could not have given him the place which he holds in the hearts of the many people who knew him well and mourn his loss as that of a kind father. The most noticeable thing about Rev. John Allen was that a man who lived so long and did so much work should be so vigorous. He lived to see his grandchildren loved and famous, and retained his youth and frolicsome spirit even to the days of his great grandchildren. Other men grew crabbed, sour and old, while he remained a perennial boy to the last.

As his life and deeds became known, and succeeding decades passed over his venerable head, people grew to take an interest in him and to wonder how long he would last. They saw the sands of life slipping away from other glasses, while he seemed inexhaustible. In a few years his life became typical of what they hoped theirs would be. If John Allen could reach ninety years there was hope for them,

and in his struggle for existence he fought the battle, for every man loves life and wants as much of it as he can get.

And now at the age of ninety-two he has gone, the most popular if not the most famous clergyman in America. The town and state of his birth, the church of his adoption, all Christian people and the world at large rejoice that he has lived so long and feel sorry that he has died. There is but one man like him still alive, and he resides in the same state. His name is Neal Dow and his home is in Portland. Nearly ninety years of age, the General is still full of boyish vigor and able to stand unnumbered hardships. Many people do not agree with his way of thinking, but all admire the vitality and the energy of the man, and all look to him as a pioneer who shall push the average duration of human life up and on until we shall live to the age of the patriarchs.

Sweet rest to Rev. John Allen; long life to General Neal Dow.



